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GOOD NIGHT.

BY M. S.

Good night—the little lips touch ours,
The little arms enfold us;
And oh, that thus through coming years
They might forever hold us.

Good night! we answer back and smile,
And kiss the drooping eyes;
But in our trembling hearts the while
The wistful queries rise.

Who, in the weary years to come,
When we are hid from sight,
Will clasp these little hands and kiss
These little lips "Good night?"

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

"IT is useless talking, Philip," said his aunt; "I cannot consent to any such degrading connection for my adopted child. Do you suppose your uncle would have left me in the possession—the unrestricted possession and power of so noble a jointure, if he had supposed I should be so wanting in self-respect, or in proper fulfilment of my duty to his memory and name?"

Lady Joddrell drew herself up as she spoke, with an attempt at dignity and loftiness of sentiment, that suited ill with the frivolous, peevish expression that was habitual to her still lovely face.

"I can't for the life of me see what you are driving at, my dear aunt," said Philip, with an impatient shrug of the shoulders. "What on earth has my excellent uncle's affection and confidence in you to do with the request, the reasonable, natural desire of this poor girl? She wishes for an interview with her sister, the only creature on whom she has apparently any claim for love and sympathy; the sister of whom she was so rudely deprived.

"And this you hesitate to grant! My dear aunt, pardon me if I say the very doubt is unworthy your gentle nature."

Heaven forgive thee, Philip, for a pardonable flattery, for the sake of the kindly motive that prompted it!

Lady Joddrell's face scarcely relaxed from its hard, annoyed expression; still it did smoothe a little the unbecoming frown that had contracted it.

"Really, Philip, you have strange notions in your head," she continued.

"Why, one would think I had done an injury, instead of a most generous action, in adopting Lily.

"I really could not be responsible for whole families, left in distress by other people's imprudence.

"It was quite enough to place one in such a position as my adopted daughter holds, without bringing a train of disgraceful, poor relations, to destroy all that I done. I am really surprised at your asking such a thing especially as——"

"As what, dear lady?" said the youth, smiling at the feminine wholesale exaggeration of the speech.

"As I have fancied," she replied, "at least hoped that you were beginning to admire Lily, and if so, of course——"

"My dear aunt," interrupted the youth, flushing deeply, "Lily is a child, a beautiful child, and of course I can admire and amuse myself with her with perfect propriety at present; and I certainly should regret very much any word or look of mine that could warrant so cruel an estrangement from her sister.

"Why, with your excellent taste, you could not help admiring the girl, aunt Violet, nor feel any fear of her contaminating Lily."

"I thought her very ugly and awkward," said Lady Joddrell, fidgeting impatiently on her cushions.

"Certainly her playing was not amiss, and her voice was tolerable; but still, just compare Lily's loveliness and grace with her plain face and movements!"

"Well, aunt, I am as great an admirer of uncommon beauty and fascination as any one can be of a mere child," replied Philip; "still, I am not sure whether that singular-looking genius we saw last night might not, with equal advantages, rival her, if properly brought out.

"But that does not affect my request. One interview between the girls can do no harm and I pledged myself to use all the influence I possessed with you to obtain the boon. Remember, they are both so young, and I don't think that girl would abuse any opportunity you gave her to thwart her views or wishes."

"Really, Philip, if I did not know you better, I should fancy you were in love with Miss Forbes' maid," said the lady, scornfully; "you must be skilful to learn so much of her character in five minutes."

"Thank you, fair lady, I have no vocation that way," laughed the young man; "I am far too common-place and worldly for any such Quixotic ideas.

"No; if I have indulged any visions for the future, it is a fairer, softer, more dazzling image that mingles with them."

As he spoke, his eyes unconsciously turned to a portrait that hung on the panels of that luxurious room.

Lady Joddrell saw the glance with a well-pleased smile, and her petulance somewhat softened at the conviction of the success of her pet scheme.

"Well," said she, "it is really a foolish fancy—a most strange crotchet of yours, Philip, but I am terribly weak and yielding where any relative of your dear, lamented uncle is concerned, and if Lily really wishes it, and you engage on the girl's part that I shall not be tormented with any further importunities, I may perhaps consider of it, and——"

"Here comes the fairy queen to answer her part of the bargain!" exclaimed Philip gazing from the window at the lovely form that was just visible in the distance, through the thickly-wooded trees that skirted the lawn.

"As to my *proteges*, I will engage for her strict performance of any promise she makes however hard."

Again a shade came over Lady Joddrell's face. "Philip, you are strangely taken with this ugly little orphan," she said. "How can you tell what she would do, if she is once admitted to the house?"

"If I am deceived in those eyes and that earnest honesty of purpose they bespeak, I will never believe in my own discernment again," he replied, coolly. "I would pledge my own word for that girl's."

"You are young, very young, Philip," was the scornful reply. "However, we will see what your *rara avis* is worth in her sister's opinion, and then I will make up my mind."

The door opened as she spoke, and Lillian entered, followed by a favorite dog, which, albeit rather a large pet for a lady's boudoir was a privileged visitor for his spoiled mistress's sake.

Lily was indeed a creature to win indulgence, love, partial, perhaps mistaken judgment, from all who looked on that lovely face and graceful form.

She was amply fulfilling the promise of her childhood.

The fairy figure was still somewhat small in its proportions; but so faultless, so light, so exquisitely graceful in every motion, every attitude, that no one could have wished one hair's breath to be added to its stature.

And the face! Who could resist the delicate skin, those bright dancing eyes, that perfectly cut, yet childlike rosebud mouth; that wealth of golden hair? Then the half-confiding, half-saucy expression of the beautiful face, which spoke such happy confidence in the love and homage of all around without a touch of the haughtiness or vanity of an acknowledged belle, was so irresistible in one so young and so lovely, that it was little wonder if Lillian Joddrell scarcely knew what contradiction or reproof, or even wise and judicious restraints and training, meant.

A lovely, but an untrained creature, so far as any moral or real mental discipline went, the adopted daughter of Violet Joddrell yet realized all the superficial aspirations and desires of her vain and worldly-minded mother.

"Oh, Cousin Philip!" she cried, "I am so glad you are come. Now I can have my ride this afternoon, can I not, mamma? I am wild to try Zuleika again."

"And I am sorry to disappoint any wish of my fair cousin's," he replied; "but I am obliged to be at the Home Office at three, to meet Mr. Ashley, who has promised me an introduction to the chief secretary."

"How tiresome!" pouted the girl. "I cannot think what you and Uncle Sidney can want so incessantly at those stupid offices.

"Why cannot you be content to amuse yourself without endeavoring to get some detestable appointment, that will take you away, or occupy all your time if you stayed. Is it not provoking of Philip, mamma?"

"Well, my love, I cannot think it necessary," replied the lady, rather absently; "but still it gives prestige to a young man, especially if he has a good income to back it with.

"You had better bring Sidney back to dinner, Philip. I have not seen him for the last fortnight."

"I am doomed to seem churlish," said the young man, deprecatingly, "but I promised Mr. Ashley to return with him to Twickenham to-night, and dine with one or two friends he had invited. But if you will defer the various schemes till to-morrow, I shall be only too proud to be at your orders my liege ladies fair."

"Too long beforehand!" laughed Lily, lightly. "I never knew my own mind twenty-four hours together, did I, mamma?"

"I hope your loves and friendships are rather more stable, sweet cousin," said Philip.

"At least you could not be ungrateful to those who loved and thought of you for months and years of absence."

"I do not know any such faithful friends," said Lily, coloring deeply, "or I might value them as they deserve."

"I dare not name one most humble and worthy votary at your shrine, fair queen," said Philip, with a half-jesting, half-serious homage; "but there is one most true, and most devotedly attached to you, whom I will not believe for a moment that you can have forgotten."

Lady Joddrell fidgeted uneasily, but she dared not offend Philip by any open opposition to his will, lest it might thwart her favorite scheme of a union between her nephew and her adopted child.

Lily's eyes opened wonderingly, dreamily as if to recall some memory that eluded her grasp, and a half-sad, half-annoyed look came over her face, as the unwelcome vision of a willingly forgotten and hated past gradually rose before her.

"I see you have not forgotten; you still think of the sister who is so devoted to her darling, her only treasure," said the young man in a low, gentle tone. "She is indeed worth loving, Lily, for her whole soul seems bound up in you."

Lily's color came bright and sudden. "Poor Barbara!" she said; "yes, I know she loved me dearly, but it is long ago."

"Not long in her true heart's affection," said Philip. "Such a love as hers knows no limit, dear Lily. It is not many hours since the very mention of your name completely overpowered the poor girl with emotion."

"You have seen her—spoke to her!" cried the girl, eagerly. "Oh, mamma, may I not see poor Barbara? If Philip can, surely I may; I would so like just to see her dear face, and give her a hearty kiss. Dear, good Barbara, she was so grave, and yet such a dear, darling, patient creature to me. As Philip says, I do love her dearly still."

Lady Joddrell glanced at Philip, and was amused, and perhaps pleased, to see a look of disappointment on his fine features. It re-assured her even more than her own limited penetrations, could have done, as to the probable danger of any meeting between two such opposite natures.

"Then you would like to see her, my love?" she said, in her softly-modulated tones.

"Like? oh yes, of course," replied Lily. "I have often longed to see what she is, now that we are both older. I cannot fancy her any different from the grave, quiet little body she used to be at that——"

She stopped; any allusion to the asylum was strictly forbidden by Lady Joddrell, and always brought a most rarely-displayed displeasure on the spoiled beauty's fair head.

Philip stood leaning against the window at which Lily had entered, his thoughts reverting to the deep, passionate emotion displayed by the girl who had so strangely interested him on the previous night—the imploring, look of the eyes, the glow on the pale cheeks, the tears in the low, suppressed voice, as she had spoken of her beloved Lily, and the bare idea of seeing her face again.

What a contrast to the words, the looks, the tones of the lovely, fairy-like, but thoughtless child of prosperity and sunshine on whom that was lavished!

"And if I were to arrange for one interview, just one, Lily; would that satisfy you?" said Lady Joddrell. "Should I be tormented by tears, and regrets, and prayers for another impossible favor? or could you behave like a sensible girl, and make yourself happy in the very different sphere in which you are moving, from your sister's very humble position, which renders frequent intercourse between you equally impossible and undesirable."

Lily listened to this long speech with impatience that decorum could scarcely restrain.

"Oh, delightful!" she cried; "thank you a thousand times, my dear mamma. It will be charming for dear, good Barbara, to see all my beautiful things, and how happy I am."

Lady Joddrell was satisfied; at least, in prospective, the interview boded nothing unfavorable to her plans, and her graciousness increased in proportion.

"Quite right, my love," said she. "I like to see you grateful and sensible of kindness; and I dare say your sister was a very good sort of girl, though I have an unfortunate prejudice against ugly people, which I can never quite conquer."

"I must really deny Miss. Graham's meriting that epithet," said Philip. "Her eyes and hair are magnificent, and her voice alone would cover a multitude of defects."

"Her voice!" said Lily, meditatively. "Oh yes, I have some remembrance of Barbara's singing little songs when we were children, and mamma whispering that she would sing beautifully some day. Mamma sang a great deal, I remember."

"My dear Lily, you know it hurts my feelings to hear you talk of any one but me as your mamma. I have so completely adopted you as my child, that I think it is

very ungrateful and wicked of you to allude to another. This comes of renewed intercourse with your family. I will take care it is the last you ever see or hear of that ugly little dependant. But it's your fault, Philip, and if I had not promised, I'd have ——"

Here the lady's voice was lost in hysterical, angry sobs, and she swept indignantly from the room.

"Oh, Cousin Philip," said Lily, "I'm so sorry. I can't bear any one to be vexed with me, and after all, mamma has done a great deal more for me than Barbara; and I don't think I ought to make her unhappy, do you?"

"Your own heart must guide you best, Lillian," said Philip gravely. "If I had either brother or sister, I don't think any power on earth could separate me from them, if they had half the affection for me which that poor girl feels for you."

"Yes, yes, and I love her, too dearly," said the ever impressionable girl, with tears in her eyes; "but then I love poor mamma, and I would do anything if I could make them both happy; but tell me what I must say, Philip, what is right and best, and I will go to mamma at once."

Philip's momentary disappointment in the lovely object of his youthful passion vanished at once, or rather was converted by a natural action into an enthusiastic and over-wrought admiration for such bewitching, womanly submission, and sweet unselfishness.

"My dear Lily!" he exclaimed; "who could be unhappy if you loved them? The only pang that you could give would be to withhold the affection they crave for. Ah, Lily, if I ever——"

But this dangerous crisis was fortunately interrupted by a message from Lady Joddrell that she wished Mr. Joddrell to go to her at once in her dressing-room.

"Do persuade her to forgive me, Philip," said Lily. "Tell her I love her better than any one."

"No, I won't do that," whispered the young man, with a look that brought the roses to Lily's cheeks, from their momentary dispersion; "but trust me to arrange all for you, only be firm and prudent when my aunt talks on the object. She is jealous of you, dear girl, and I can scarcely wonder at the feeling."

With a momentary pressure of Lily's hand to his lips, the young man obeyed the summons.

Lillian remained for a few moments where he had left her.

A gratified smile was on her parted lips, as she mused on her cousin's late words. They were the first dawnings of day, the first taste of the sweet cup of admiration and love, which Lily panted to enjoy to the full, though as yet too young to fully comprehend her own feelings.

And Philip, too, had been the first to awaken those dormant desires; to touch the girlish fancy, if not the heart; and now, she was convinced that he loved her—as she had read, and heard, certainly thus dawning on her; and all that was bright, and happy, and brilliant in her life wore a yet brighter hue under the new coloring of incipient love.

Alas, poor Barbara! when your idolized Lily retired to rest that night, she thought far more intently of the handsome, nobly born, high-bred Philip than of her promised meeting with her long-lost sister; and her dreams were of another image, other memories, other hopes, than the innocent affections of a long-forgotten childhood.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIDNEY ASHLEY and Philip Joddrell were strolling quietly through Kensington Garden's, after their official interview at the Home Office, talking idly of the past, present, and future, and of the promises held out by the gentleman whom they had just left, for the young man's career.

"I don't pin my faith on princes or politicians, any more than on women," said Sidney, with the half-sneering cynicism that disfigured his better nature.

"Still, I do believe that Sir James will find it his interest to keep his word, and that's the sure safeguard.

"I believe you'll have the next appointment that falls vacant, Phil, and then, with a start like that, you must see to yourself.

"I never stir a finger for a man that can't lay hold of what's held out to him—as well try to fill a whirlpool."

"Agreed!" said Philip, laughingly, for he knew his companion too well to be annoyed at his sarcasm; "but at present mine is very much more like the cherries caught in the mouth at a country fair, than a tangible thing to be grasped in the hand. My fingers shall close in like a vice when it once touches them, I promise you. But good heavens, Ashley, what a lovely girl! She beats anything I ever saw."

The object of his admiration was a young girl, sitting under one of the large trees with a lady of at least middle age, dressed in that simple and yet tasteful style which is usual with Continental girls rather than with the pretension which her exceeding beauty might well have excused.

She looked about seventeen or eighteen years of age, though there was an indescribable something about the face and attitude that might betoken still greater youthfulness.

But the beauty needed no lapse of time to perfect its splendor.

The splendid dark eyes, the thick, glossy, purple-black hair, and the rich, brunette, clear complexion, the delicate yet rounded nose, the perfect formed mouth were each perfection in their way.

But the harmony, the exquisite contour of the whole face, the soul that seemed to glow in those eyes, and breathe from the full, rich lips, were indescribable; and the mere catalogue of the features gives a poor idea of the loveliness of her face.

Philip had involuntarily arrested his companion's steps as he caught sight of this rare beauty, and for a moment he did not perceive the annoyance depicted by Sidney Ashley's countenance.

But his quick eyes detected a look of recognition, a half-repressed bow, a glow on the rich cheek that made him suspect that the unknown beauty was not altogether a stranger to Ashley.

Philip turned quickly round, and his conjecture was at once confirmed by the unmoved yet annoyed expression of the face. There was no surprise at her rare beauty, but an evident vexation at the rencontre, which revealed much to Philip's quick brain.

"You're a lucky fellow, Ashley," said he.

"Possibly," replied Sidney; "but I do not quite comprehend my especial claim to 'luck,' at present."

"The acquaintance of that splendid girl," continued Philip; "I see you know her, though it perhaps does not suit you to claim your right to accost her when I am with you. Well, I don't blame you for not wishing me to share the privilege."

Ashley's brow had grown dark as Philip spoke; but he said, calmly, "My good fellow, you forget that the difference in our ages makes that sort of badinage unsuitable and unpleasant.

"Excuse my putting an absolute veto on it for the future, as the condition of our present intimacy."

Philip was galled at this quiet air of superiority, and yet his better nature told him Ashley was in the right.

"It is partly your fault, Ashley," he said, good-humoredly; "first, for being so young in looks, feelings, and manners; and next, for admitting such a harum-scarum fellow as myself to such a free intimacy with you. I assure you I only spoke in jest; but I confess I was wrong to notice what you evidently wished to conceal."

"I may perhaps reward your frank confession by an explanation, Philip," said Ashley; "but not now, not yet. Yet, young and reckless as you appear, I do believe you can be trusted more than many an older and graver but less true heart."

"I won't boast of much experience or judgment," said Philip; "but honesty, sympathy, and perfect secrecy you certainly may rely on from me."

Ashley walked on in silence for some minutes; then, turning abruptly to Philip, said, "You admire that young girl, Joddrell?"

"Exceedingly," replied Philip.

"What judgment should you form of her from the glance you had?" inquired Ashley. "Nay, don't look disclaiming; one never sees a girl without forming some opinion of her as well as her beauty."

"Perhaps; but scarcely when the beauty is so perfect," said Philip; "then there is nothing but a bewildered admiration at a first glance."

"Then you formed no opinion of her, except that of her person?" asked Ashley, quickly.

"If her eyes do not belie her, she has a passionate, almost Southern warmth of temperature," said Philip.

"Thus much I could determine from that rapid glimpse. I should think she would love intensely, if she loved at all."

"If!" said Ashley, gloomily. "Well, perhaps you are right.

"Yet, what can you know of woman? I once loved, ay, and received passionate, earnest assurance of love from one as fair and soul-lit in face as that beautiful girl we saw just now.

"I gave her my whole heart; I lavished the priceless wealth of the deep and lasting love of an earnest nature on that woman.

"I laid my whole soul bare before her; I humbled myself by confessions of her absolute power over my happiness, my very life. And she seemed to return it as a woman worthy of such homage should, and smiled and whispered her own heartfelt but more hidden love in return, and listened to the inmost breathings of my spirit, and then she scorned and jilted the spirit that had been laid bare before her—the love that had been lavished so unsparingly; and, worse than that, she turned my affection to gall, ruined my faith in human nature, in all that was noble, and kindly, and made me the heartless, cold cynic I am.

"And now, tell me, young man, whether you wonder that I asked your reading of a face that is the living image of that woman who thus trifled with the dearest, most precious possession that man can bestow? I tell you, Philip, a murderer does less cruel harm than a woman like that; for she destroys all the best gifts of God to man—happiness, goodness, and faith."

Sidney Ashley had spoken impetuously and rapidly, so unlike his usual calm, measured manner, that Philip Joddrell's breath was almost suspended as he listened to such an unwonted outburst from that cynical, hard, worldly man, on whom neither man nor woman seemed to exercise influence, or charm, or attraction.

Philip paused a moment ere he replied, feeling that words were poor to meet such a passionate outbreak of feeling; and when he spoke, it was in a suppressed, quiet tone that fell gratefully and soothingly on the ear.

"She was base, unworthy," he said; "but all are not like her.

"There is truth in woman as well as men, Ashley, or how could we reverence and love the mothers who gave us being? And I could even now instance one on whose nobility of soul and mind I would stake my own truth."

"You are like the rest of us, Philip," said Ashley, with a sad smile, "led away by the false charm of a lovely face.

"Of course you allude to my sister's pretty ward—daughter as she chooses to call her. She is your paragon of woman's perfection just now."

A few short hours before, and Philip would have replied with impetuous indignation to the implied taunt; but a strange, undefined doubt, which he scorned himself for feeling, made him apparently ignore the allusion to Lillian, and he replied with a quiet dignity that impressed even his world-worn companion with a belief in his words.

"No," said he, "I was not thinking of my aunt's ward at that moment; but of one very near to her in birth—very distant in station. I mean her sister, of whom I do not suppose you ever heard."

"And where and how did you meet with that same plain little oddity?" said Ashley slowly.

"You know her, then," said Philip; "though, by the way, I don't altogether admit the truth of your description."

"I saw her years ago, as a child," replied Ashley, "and was certainly rather struck with her originality, as well as her weird, elfin look. But that is no answer to my question."

"I saw her last night at Mrs. Forbes', where she seems to be sort of half-maid, half-companion to the beautiful Pauline; and she astonished the whole room with her splendid musical powers."

"Ah, well, that is only what I rather predicted," said Ashley; "but what does she look like?"

"At first sight, and by the side of that lovely woman, she if strikingly plain," replied Philip; "and yet on a second glance, and especially when speaking, one might be inclined to prefer her face to many a regular beauty."

"The regulations must be rather indulgent ones, if she is allowed to flirt at pleasure with a handsome, eligible young fellow," observed Ashley, coolly.

"Allowed!" said Philip. "Not a bit. She merely came to duty at the piano, and then shrunk out of sight again till my aunt's voice and name brought her out from her hiding-place, and I went out of pure curiosity, to ascertain the springs that moved the musical prodigy."

"And found them with tolerable ease, I presume?" said Ashley.

"Yes, thanks to my name and acquaintance with her sister," replied Philip; "but, say what you will, Ashley, there is heart, and soul, and intense depth of feeling in that girl. Why, the very thought of seeing her sister seemed to shake her to the very centre, child that she may still be called."

"Then she was to see her?" said Ashley. "Does my sister allow it?"

"I have persuaded my aunt, on condition that it is but for once, to allow one meeting," replied Philip; "and to-morrow I hope to hear that all is finally arranged."

"With all your thoughtless recklessness of spirit, you are a good fellow," said Ashley, "and from my heart I wish you a better fate than mine. And yet, what avails the experience of others? We all fancy our own judgment, our own fortune, superior to the poor deluded ones who have gone before us, and we suffer and warn in our turn."

"And against whom do you warn me, then?" asked the young man, laughing, though with a secret embarrassment that flushed his cheek painfully; "against my incipient Madame de Staël, or your glorious Beatrice Cenci, that we saw just now?"

Sidney Ashley turned fiercely round, but a moment's reflection seemed to recall his self-possession, and he said, quietly, "Against neither—against no one; and you will perhaps do well to drop the subject, and forget my weakness.

"It was the first time, and I hope it will be the last, that I degraded myself by such a confession—such an appeal for sympathy."

"Not so, not so, Ashley," said Philip. "Forgive my levity; it was only on the surface. Believe me, I honor, ay, love you far more now that I know you have human feelings and griefs like myself; and if I am too weak to profit by your counsel, I do not the less value it."

"Then it is too late," said Ashley. "You love that pretty, fairy child of Violet's spoiling."

"Why should I not?" said Philip. "Is she not lovely, winning—all that is attractive, and affectionate, and feminine?"

"Feminine!" said Ashley; "yes, that sums up the whole. She is, or is fast becoming a woman—a true woman, and as such will work her own and others' misery. But a truce to sentiment. There is the carriage, and I see we are half an hour late. Dupre's *entrees* will be ruined, a far more serious grievance for the time than such idle, imaginary woes, worthy of a half-insane German."

Philip Joddrell looked up at his companion with surprise.

The features were again in their usual hard, cold repose.

The tone was sneeringly bitter, as was too much Ashley's wont.

Could the late passionate outburst have been a passing frenzy of imagination, or was it only crushed back by the force of an iron will? Philip Joddrell was too young in the world to decide.

CHAPTER IX.

SIDNEY ASHLEY had thrown a perfectly sustained and impervious veil over the emotions which had been unexpected stirred up within him, and no one could have dreamed, in their wildest imagination, that the self-concentrated, self-reliant man of the world, the luxurious Sybarite, the intellectual, far-sighted scholar, could waste one thought on things apparently so foreign, so beneath his sphere of thought and feeling, as woman's love and woman's beauty.

Even Philip, to whom these hidden secrets had been so recently exposed, left him that night with a wondering, perplexed doubt as to the reality of Ashley's tale, or whether he was imposing on his credulity with an idle dream, a creation of a capricious hour; but had he seen the man whose absolute self-control thus baffled his penetration, after those in his luxurious villa had become hushed in sleep, his doubts would have been set at rest.

After his servant had applied for his final orders, and been dismissed for the night, Sidney Ashley sat long, very long, with his eyes bent on the fire, and his head bowed on his chest, in deep and gloomy thought. The expression of his features was perhaps rather that of a fixed and long-cherished sadness than of any fresh and acute grief, and yet there was evidently some new and powerful emotion that had thus stirred up old memories, and excited doubts and perplexities as to his present course of action. It was to be read in the slight working of his firm lips, the changing expression of his deep, grave eyes, the occasional feeble clasp of his fingers, that both old memories were agitating him now and that present and future plans and schemes were being debated in that thoughtful brain, which troubled the strong, resolute will, and challenged the man's utmost powers of endurance and decision.

And it was no marvel if he paused in anxious and ominous consideration at the course he was now about to bring to a crisis, at the wisdom and the result of a scheme that had perhaps been undertaken in a moment of rash and bitter irritation and impulsive romance, foreign to his outward character.

It had lain dormant, or rather passive in his mind for the years that had elapsed since its conception, from the lack of any circumstance to bring home to his mind the full reality and inevitable risks of the undertaking he had in hand.

It had been easy enough to furnish, from an ample exchequer, the funds sufficient for the fulfilment of his scheme, easy enough to pay a rapid, passing visit to the place where his beautiful ward was gradually ripening in loveliness and in accomplishments of mind and manner, to receive the report of her guardian, to be gratified by the animated pleasure of the girl at the gifts he brought, the pleasures he directed for her, and the novelty his presence created in his monotonous life.

Such had been the easy, smooth progress of Sidney Ashley's romantic scheme for securing the happiness, for renewing the blighted hopes, the fair visions of his early years.

All had answered his expectations. Mrs. Ellis had most fully justified the choice of the experienced Mrs. Cowan by her quiet, ladylike deportment, her acquirements, her strict obedience to the instructions given her by her patron; and Claudy could scarcely have failed to gratify the most extravagant expectations of her progress in all outward seeming.

Her extreme beauty only increased in its wondrous perfection with every year that brought her nearer to womanhood. Her manner was graceful and high-bred, as could fit the daughter of the noblest house in the land.

Her masters were fully content with her progress in the accomplishments they taught, even if she displayed no particular taste or genius for any especial art.

Such had been the seeming success of Sidney's arrangements.

No untoward accident, no disappointing failure in the fair promise of his ward's childhood, no disquieting levity on the part of governess or pupil had thrown a threatening shadow over the future; and so long as the end, the final crisis and result of these long years of preparation was still distant, Ashley had contented himself with absence of cause for disquiet, and waited calmly and quietly for the time when a more serious and decisive *denouement* must conclude the slowly moving drama he had planned.

And now this calm was seriously and abruptly troubled, the dreamer rudely awakened, and the still deep feeling of his heart rose with such turbulence as resisted even his iron will to subdue.

And even as a cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, is the precursor of the most fearful tempest, so the present tumult in Ashley's mind was produced by apparently most small and insignificant causes. It had been the accidental encounter with Claudia while walking with Philip Joddrell that afternoon, that had first awakened Sidney to a sense of the nearness and the full dangers and uncertainties of the crisis that that must decide his fate, and that of the girl whose destiny he had taken into his keeping.

Claudia's advance from childhood to girlhood, and approach to early womanhood, had been so gradual and so familiar to Sidney, that he had scarcely noticed the swift, sure flight of Time, that thus wafted them so softly and so rapidly to the heaven of their lives.

But Philip's astonished admiration at the sight of Claudia had, as it were opened his eyes from the dream-like trance in which they had remained for the last few weary years.

He saw her as she was, in all her opening beauty, the precocious womanhood, her youthful attractions for the most casual or the most critical eyes, and with that sudden

enlightenment as to Claudia's real position, came the tide of memory, the flood of painful thoughts of the past—the anxious, perplexing fears for the future, that were thus shaking his strong nature so irresistibly. It was as if ten long years had rolled back, and he, then in the prime of youth, as he was, now in the prime of manhood, sat gazing at one as beautiful, as dazzling, ay, and more fascinating, than the girl who was her living image.

The same flashing eyes now met his, or drooped under their glance with a soft, deprecating timidity; the same glowing, passionate richness of cheek and lip, had deepened and paled under his ardent, admiring gaze; the same soft mellow tones answered his with words that gave surety for the truth and love of the speaker.

Ashley dwelt on those phantasies with a pertinacity and minuteness that seemed to luxuriate in the agony they wrought. He knew the end of these vivid soul-paintings of the past, when the lovely idol had proved herself the veriest delusion and falsity that ever marked human worship by its worthlessness.

He rose, with a pale cheek but steady eye, and went to a writing-desk that stood on a carved table in the corner of the apartment, and laid it before the chair on which he had been sitting.

The key was turned, a momentary pause, and then he resolutely drew forth the long hidden relics of the past,—letters that had once sent the blood boiling and bounding through his veins with ecstacy; trifling memorials, each one of which had its own little romance; and finally a portrait which had once been given with a promise never, on any occasion, to recall the gift.

He paused ere he ventured to unclasp that little case, and gaze at the well-remembered features.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Her Welcome.

BY HAROLD W. INGALLS.

MISS DUPRE—Miss Dupre, I say! Good gracious, is the child asleep?"

No; Estelle Dupre was not asleep. She had only fallen into a brown study, sitting there by the window in the yellow August sunshine, and watching the brown sparrows.

At the sound of Madame Hammond's voice she hurriedly rose up—a slight, dark liquid-eyed girl, with blue-black braids of hair wound carelessly around her head, and secured by an arrow of antique silver, a last season's bonnet pressed over and trimmed with dyed ribbon, and a dress that was as plain as it could be, without being actually shabby.

Madame Hammond, the proprietress of the Governess Institute, stood at her desk with an open letter in her hand.

"I have an application here which I think may suit you," she said brusquely.

"French, music, German, and general literature. For a young person of neglected education——"

"I could teach those," said Estelle, her heart springing up with her as light as a feather.

For those weary weeks at waiting had been well-nigh intolerable to her, and moreover, her purse was waxing low by degrees.

So Miss Dupre, armed with manifold letters of recommendation and diplomas, arrived at Castle Cardell late of a summer evening.

Mrs. Cardell received her—a white-haired rosy-faced old lady, in black satin, with old-fashioned filigree silver ornaments, and a great diamond star blazing on her breast.

Close beside her stood a blue-eyed transparent-complexioned young beauty, with a cloud of fluffy golden hair overshadowing her forehead.

"This is your new pupil, my dear," said Mrs. Cardell. "My cousin, Miss Montague!"

"The young person of neglected education," said Marian Montague, with a low curtsy and a mocking laugh.

"My dear," remonstrated Mrs. Cardell.

"It is quite true," said Marian. "And Miss—Miss——"

"Dupre," quietly uttered Estella.

"Thanks—Miss Dupre may as well know all about it at once. You see, Miss Dupre, grandpapa Cardell disinherited my mother in a fit of rage, because she didn't marry to suit him. And cousin Phebe here," smiling up into the old lady's face, "wants to make it up to me—and so she has fished me out of somewhere, and wants to make a fine lady of me. And I'm awfully stupid, and I don't know anything about what other girls know, so you are here, Miss Dupre, to polish me up to a degree of worthiness to be the wife of Caradoc Cardell, esquire. Now you know the whole story."

Miss Dupre was astounded.

Mrs. Cardell looked a little amazed, but the golden-haired beauty laughed the whole matter off as a thing of course.

"Why should we make a secret of it, cousin Phebe?" said she.

And Estelle Dupre went to bed in a little octagonal room, in a battlemented wing, hung with faded tapestry and haunted with the solemn eyes of old family pictures, which seemed to watch her even in her dreams.

"What is that little turreted tower out among the cedar-trees?" Miss Dupre asked Marian the next day.

"That is Bluebeard's Tower," said Miss Montague. "Have you seen Bluebeard?" she asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing," said the beauty, shrugging her shoulders. "Now let us get the slate and copy-books and set resolutely to work, for really I am so very stupendously, outrageously ignorant that I tremble at myself."

And Miss Dupre found that Marian Montague was right.

She could barely spell out the simplest page in a child's story-book, wrote like a six-year-old baby, spelt on the worst phonetic principles, and did not know Shakespeare from Spenser.

"What is the use of bothering one's self about those dead and gone heathens?" said Marian impatiently.

"I was a great deal happier before this when no one ever troubled about Shakespeare, or cared whether believe was spelt with two e's or one i."

"But if you truly love your cousin and wish to make yourself worthy of him?"

"Pshaw!" said Marian, dropping a big black ink blot upon the virgin page of her copy-book.

And Estelle wondered more and more what all this strange complication meant.

The next day, however, overtaken by a terrific thunderstorm in the park, she took refuge in what Miss Montague had called "Bluebeard's Tower."

It was strange—passing strange. Where she had expected to see a mere rustic summer-house, she found herself in a superbly-decorated vestibule, paved with lozenges of black and white marble, lighted by crescents of stained glass and hung with costly medallions, paintings and intaglios.

In its centre (at a table covered with books and papers) sat a strikingly handsome man of forty, or thereabouts, in a blue velvet dressing-gown.

"Who is there?" he demanded, sharply, glancing up.

"It is I," faltered Estelle.

"And who is I? and what business has I here?"

"I am Miss Dupre, the governess," hesitated the girl, "and it was the rain that drove me here; but if you wish I can go out again."

"Since you are here you may as well stay," said Caradoc Cardell coldly. "But it would have been well that some one should tell you that visitors are scarcely welcome here."

"Mr. Cardell——" breathlessly began Estella.

"How do you know that I am Mr. Cardell?" he interrupted grimly.

"Because you can be no one else," courageously said the girl.

"Because no one else would dare be so rude to a helpless dependant. I merely wish you to understand that if the rain were turned to lightning I would not stay here."

She was turning indignantly away when he said, in very different accents—

"Come back. Don't be a goose like other women. Stay where you are."

The words were very simple, but there was something in their accents which she was powerless to disobey.

"Pick up those papers which the wind has blown about the floor," said he smiling. "Make yourself useful."

And Estelle Dupre obeyed, thinking within herself how marvellously handsome the man was, and wondering what there was in the hazel light of the keen dark eyes that seemed to subdue her to his will.

"Can I go now?" she asked meekly, when the papers were all arranged, and the sun shone out once more through mimic rainbows of sparkling drops.

"You may go now," he answered graciously, "and remember this, Miss Dupre; in spite of the crabbed welcome I extended to you this morning, I shall always be glad to see you at the Tower."

As she came up the winding path leading from the quaint little turreted edifice she met old Mrs. Cardell.

"You have seen my son?" said the old lady quickly; "You have been to the Tower? Oh, is it not dreadful? Do you wonder that he has a horror of strangers?"

"What do you mean?" asked Estelle.

And then with many tears the old lady told the sad story of the doom that had overshadowed her son from his birth.

From his waist upwards he was an Adonis; below, the twisted deformity of wretchedly mis-shapen and useless limbs was concealed by the folds of the blue velvet robe that he always wore.

Estelle listened in horror.

"I never dreamed of this," said she.

"And Marian is to marry him?"

"It is the only way of returning to her the fortune of which she has been robbed by my father's malicious will," said Mrs. Cardell.

After that, Miss Dupre became quite well acquainted with the Tower and its strange occupant.

She came there with Marian, and would copy papers, arrange book, and talk of æsthetic topics with Mr. Cardell, while Marian stood silently by, with large blue eyes dilated, and rosy lips apart, like a Peri outside the gates of paradise.

"Where did you learn so much?" said she. "I can't talk to Caradoc like that; and if I did he would only laugh at me."

But Marian seemed really anxious to learn, was docile, and diligent; so that they were the more astonished, one day, when she came into the breakfast-room, with her bonnet dangling by one string.

"Cousin Phebe," said she, defiantly, and yet laughing, "I have just been married to Harry Lidgercourt, who loved me long, long before I ever left Morecombe Valley. He is only a poor farmer, and he knows no more about Shakespeare than I do. But I don't want my grandfather's money, and I do want Harry; and he is to call for me in half an hour—so I am going up to pack my trunk."

Mrs. Cardell grew very pale.

"My poor Caradoc!" said she. "His fancy for Marian was the one dream of his life. I do not know how he will ever bear this!"

But Caradoc Cardell listened very calmly to the talk of his fair cousin's defection.

"She was always a mere thistle-down," said he. "I knew that one of these days some idle wind would blow her away. But Miss Dupre is not going?"

"Of course I am going," said Estelle, with swollen eyes and drooping head. "If there is no pupil left for me what remains to detain me?"

"Are you sorry to leave the castle?"

"Very—very sorry," with a quiver in her voice.

"Will you not stay?" said Mrs. Cardell tenderly—"for my sake?"

Estelle was silent.

Caradoc reached out his hand, and laid it gently on hers.

"Will you not stay, Estelle," said he, "for mine?"

The girl burst into tears.

"How did you know that—that I loved you?" said she.

"I did not," said he. "I only knew that I loved you."

So that was Estelle Dupre's first and last situation as governess.

And Marian, happy as "love in a cottage," was richly endowed by her cousin with the money she had been too womanly to accept on other terms; and old Mrs. Cardell rejoices that her son has at last found some one who loves him truly, spite of his affliction.

And Estelle says softly—

"I never knew what true happiness was before."

THE ESQUIMAUX HUT.—The most elaborate form of the snow camp is the Esquimaux hut. In fact it should not be called a camp at all, being really a house, intended to last seven or eight months. The method of construction is simple. A circle from eight to fourteen feet in diameter is drawn on the surface of the snow, or the ground if possible, for the closer to the ground the wall is laid the better the hut stands. A bank of tough old snow being found, blocks or bricks of snow about two feet long, twelve to fifteen inches wide and six to eight thick are cut. These are placed around the circle, their ends being cut to fit accurately. A second tier is placed upon the first and then a third. The inner wall of these tiers is at first made perpendicular, but when the wall has risen to a height of about three feet, the tiers of snow bricks are placed on constantly decreasing circles, so as to round the hut on all sides towards the centre. When the last tier is placed in position there is a hole in the centre about eighteen inches in diameter. This is covered with a cake of fresh water ice about an inch thick, through which light is admitted to the interior. The corners of the bricks on the inside are then cut off and the wall made smooth. At one side the builder cuts a door about two feet square. On the outside, leading to this door an arched passage is built, of snow bricks. This generally has one and sometimes two sharp turns in it to prevent the wind from blowing in. Over the door on the inside is hung a sealskin or piece of blanket. The hut outside is "chinked" with soft snow until every hole in the structure is stopped up. The warmth of one of these huts is such that a single lamp will keep the temperature so high that it is positively uncomfortable to wear heavy furs even when the thermometer outside is down to thirty or forty degrees below zero. Under the management of Esquimaux women the huts get hideously dirty as the months pass, but there is no difficulty in keeping them clean, and in very cold countries they are the most comfortable houses that can be found.

NORWEGIAN INGENUITY.—A recent traveler says: "One thing at Moshuus especially attracted my notice. It was an organ perfect in its parts, with a variety of stops, made by a common peasant; who, though self-taught, had displayed great mechanical abilities. A foreigner is greatly surprised at the various talents of the Norwegian peasantry, and the ingenuity which they display in the manufacture of everything requisite for the common purposes of life. Living remote from towns and villages, in their little farms scattered amid the mountains, and frequently at the distance of many miles from their nearest neighbor, necessity, the fruitful parent of invention, teaches them early the useful arts and trades, and thus renders them independent of that assistance, which it is not in their power to obtain. Hence you will find the same man his own tailor, shoemaker, carpenter, joiner, and often even his own clock and watch maker. Most are very expert at carving, and the beautiful whiteness of the fir renders their talents in this way very ornamental in their cottages. The exquisite specimens of spoons and ladles, which they sometimes execute in the ancient style of carving, would serve as patterns even to our own artists and silversmiths. Without having been brought up to any of the above trades, they are notwithstanding proficient in them. They can also execute a variety of works in silver, brass, and other metals. In short, there are few things for the purchase of which they are obliged to have recourse to the large towns; so great is their natural ingenuity, thus brought into exercise by their wants, by the scarcity of towns throughout the country, and fostered besides by the instructions and example of their parents during the long winters."

Bric-a-Brac.

CITY OF JERUSALEM.—Jerusalem existed 700 years before Rome was founded, 300 before the siege of Troy, and 500 years before the hanging gardens of Babylon were built.

A HAIR OF THE DOG.—In an old receipt book dated 1780 is the following: "Take a hair from the dog that bit you, dry it put it into the wound and it will heal it, be it ever so sore."

WOLVES.—It is a belief that when wolves cross a river, they follow one another directly in a line, the second holding the tail of the first in his mouth; the third that of the second, and so of the rest.

THE TAILOR BIRD.—This singular bird is a native of Hindostan, and is so called from its instinctive ingenuity in forming its nest. It first selects a plant with large leaves, and then gathers cotton from the shrub, spins it into a thread by means of its long bill and slender feet, and then, as with a needle, sews the leaves neatly together to conceal its nest.

CANTEEN.—This is said to be the only word in our language which, originally English, passed into a foreign tongue and was afterward taken back in a modified form. As originally spoken by the Saxon it was simply a tin can; but the Gaul, as was his wont, placing the noun before the adjective, and pronouncing the letter "i" as "e" "brought it out as cantin, pronounced canteen.

MORAL THERMOMETER.—An eminent English writer ascribed health and wealth to water, and happiness to small beer, and all diseases and crime to the use of spirits; making of the whole a moral thermometer. The Abbe Galiani, an Italian, ascribes all social crimes to animal destruction, thus treachery to angling and ensnaring; and murder to hunting and shooting; and he asserts "that the man who would kill a sheep, an ox, or any unsuspecting animal, would kill his neighbor but for the law."

A LAPP GRAVE.—Should two Lapps be on a journey and one die, the survivor must try to find a witness, unless the deceased be his father or relative. In such case he is beyond suspicion. If no witness be within reach the Lapp straightway digs a hole in which to place the body, and utters the words, "At peace with God," adding the simple, reverent prayer, "Remember me, Lord—Thy empire is in Heaven," or this, "Lord, forget me not, until I die,"—a brief and touching ritual of the dead. Then he fills in the earth, leaving nature to cover over his friend with moss and wild flowers.

SOAP BOOKS.—A fashionable novelty in perfumery is a "book of soap." Each leaf is enough when torn out for one good wash. The books vary in sizes; the smaller are for the hands only, they are no larger than pocket-books. The leaf is soaked in a basin of water for three seconds then it floats, and is placed in the centre of the hand, where it soon with gentle friction, froths. A page of soap sounds strange, and stranger yet, the soap is excellent; it is not unlike an ivory tablet. A fond saying tells that inventions always reveal the particular want of a nation in this case cleanliness is a want in Austria, for the soap pocket-book was invented there.

QUESTIONS FOR CONVERSATION.—Would it not be better to build the streets of American cities entirely of arcades, as is the case with many in Europe? Is it possible to simplify the common characters of our alphabet so as to yet more facilitate the setting down our ideas on paper? Have dogs enough of mutual language to make each other understand past events? Do the animals of a menagerie remember their state of freedom? Do they dream? Do we love our friends most when present or absent? Is there really such a feeling as generosity in a lion? Is the game of chess practiced in all countries? Has a race-horse any pride in his vocation? Is poetry a higher art than prose?

JOHN BULL.—This well-known collective name of the English nation appears to have been first used in Dr. Arbuthnot's satire, "The History of John Bull," usually published in Swift's works. In this satire the French are designated as Lewis Baboon, the Dutch as Nicholas Frog, &c. "The History of John Bull" was intended to ridicule the Duke of Marlborough. Washington Irving says: "One would think that in personifying itself a nation would be apt to picture something grand, heroic, and imposing; but it is characteristic of the peculiar humor of the English, and their love for what is blunt, comic, and familiar, that they have embodied their national oddities in the figure of sturdy, corpulent old fellow, with a three-cornered hat, red waistcoat, leather breeches, and stout oaken cudgel."

MOSQUITOES AND ELEPHANTS.—A letter from India says, thick as is an elephant's skin, no living creature suffers more from flies, mosquitoes, leeches, and other vermin than he. The pores are very large, and gadflies and mosquitoes, &c., worm themselves into the hollow and suck to repletion. Thus the whole day long they are constantly throwing up dirt, squirting saliva or water, to get rid of these pests, to the great annoyance of their riders. They snore a good deal when asleep, and I have often seen them resting their heads on an outstretched foot when lying down. They are very human-like in many of their ways. They get a piece of wood and use it as a toothpick. They scratch themselves with the tip of their proboscis, and if they cannot reach the place with that they take up a branch and use that. Natives say they plug up bullet holes with clay, but never knew an instance of it myself.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

The wind drove hard across the bay,
  Lashing the waves to foam,
And threat'ning clouds, in dark array,
  Moved o'er the heaven's dome.

And while the storm fell heavily,
  One of our little band
Was tossing on the restless sea,
  Out many leagues from land.

In dread we heard the storm that swept
  Around in fury wild,
And in our fear we would have wept,
  But for a little child.

Who pressed her forehead, with a sigh,
  Upon the window-pane,
Yet softly turned a beaming eye
  Out on the beating rain.

"The clouds are heavy overhead,
  But they will soon pass by,
And God will send the light," she said,
  "To play along the sky."

With such a trusting smile she turned,
  It lent her features grace,
And we, in humble wonder, learned
  A lesson from her face.

MOTHER AND SON.

BY KATE L. GALLAGHER.

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

AN hour later, Lionel was settled in a luxuriously furnished room reading his letters from Myra.

As he folded the last letter and returned it to its envelope, Beattie came in and said it was time to dress for dinner.

When he entered the brilliantly-lighted dining-room, his host, who was standing at a window in the far end of the room petting an immense maltese, came forward to meet him, exclaiming:

"By jingo! You look as if you had found the fountain of perpetual youth. I knew those letters would be of some use to you. What did you find out?"

"That I've been the greatest ass on record—Balaam's not excepted," said Lionel promptly. "If I had only been more patient and seen Myra before I started, or written to her, I would have saved a great deal of misery. However, I'll try to make up for lost time."

After this, he dropped the subject, and his host had too much delicacy to renew it, though he would like to have known more, but he had heard of the proverbial reticence of the English and respected it.

A servant now brought in the dinner and they sat down at the small round table—Lionel at the foot, and Daniel at the head.

A fine setter dog got up from a rug, shook himself, and came and stood on one side of him and a maltese on the other side.

In the morning, as soon as he had breakfasted, he started down town.

Daniel Holme shook hands with him at parting, and told him to be sure and return in good time for dinner.

As Lionel walked along the street, he made his plans.

Yes, he would insert a personal in the *Herald*,

Myra said that would reach Laura.

He had great faith in Myra.

He would write to his mother also.

After all, she had done as she had thought best, and was now willing to receive Laura.

At this point he stopped in front of a stationer's on a somewhat retired street.

He took out his watch, and finding that he had an abundance of time, concluded to write to his mother immediately.

The store was full of people, and the proprietor was in the best of humors.

"You see," he said to Lionel, when he had made known his errand. "I advertised a lot of cheap paper, and it's going off like hot cakes. Orders from all parts of the country—Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston. Just wait a minute and I'll wait on you myself, the clerks are all busy."

He finished stamping a package while he spoke and threw it down on the counter.

"Now what can I do for you?"

But Lionel had the package in his hand. His face was deadly pale.

"Some paper? yes," he stammered, still clutching the package, his eyes fastened on the address.

Then remembering himself, he continued: "Will you allow me to copy this address?"

The man hesitated.

"It's not customary," he said at length, putting out his hand for the package, "and the lady might not like it. We are very particular about such things."

"Oh, you must not refuse me," said Lionel nervously, now that his hopes were approaching fruition. "I give you my word of honor that the person is a dear friend of mine, and will be as much obliged to you as I will be."

"Well," said the man, on whose mind an inkling of the case now seemed to dawn; "go ahead."

"Thanks," and taking from one of his pockets a small Russia leather diary that emitted a faint odor of dried rose leaves, he made a careful copy of the address.

When this was done, he turned to the man, who was watching him curiously, and ordered a quantity of paper.

"By the way," he asked, as he finished selecting it, and was leaving the store. "Have you such a thing here as a time-table? If you have I would like to see it."

"A time-table? Oh, yes, yes! I'll have you one in a second."

The man hurried away, for somehow he was getting interested in this tall, bronzed stranger, and returned almost immediately with a morning paper.

"You'll find out all you want to know in that, I reckon. Billy, hand the gentleman a chair."

Sinking into the offered chair, for his knees began to feel weak with excitement, Lionel glared rapidly over the paper, and found by hurrying, he could leave for Boston in a few hours.

The proprietor was busy in putting away the boxes of stationery that had been taken down for his customers' inspection, but looking up and seeing Lionel's knit brows, and the questioning look in his eyes, he came from behind the counter and inquired:

"Is there anything else I can do for you, sir?"

"I—hardly—know," was the slow response; "unless—could I get a cab anywhere near?" and added apologetically, "I'm not acquainted with the city, and I want to get to Fifty-eighth street and Madison avenue as soon as possible."

"I'll telephone one for you if you like," said the man amiably. "Ah, these modern inventions are great things, sir. Shall I call for a cab?"

"If you please, and I'm a thousand times obliged. You Americans are the most obliging people in the world."

He smiled genially, for now that the suspense was over, his old ways were fast returning.

At this broad compliment, the man smiled too, and remarked that he was young himself once, which observation it took a deal of imagination to credit—he was so old, and bald, and wizened, but Lionel was not disposed to doubt anything at the present time but his own happiness.

Was it really true that he knew where his love was, that in another twenty-four hours he would clasp her in his arms?

He had no fears of her constancy.

He smiled only thinking of it.

His meditations were interrupted by the arrival of a cab, and after shaking hands heartily with the old man, which proceeding would have thrown Beattie into a fit had he seen it, for his ideas were exclusive, Lionel sprang into the cab and was driven rapidly to Daniel Holme's house.

Telling the cabman to wait, he explained his plans to his host, and an hour later was on his way to Boston.

It was after midnight when he arrived at the hotel, and dismissing his servant, he drew his chair to the window and looked out.

It was a June night with a faint breeze soughing through the tree-tops in the park opposite the window, and he could hear the far off murmur of a fountain as the water fell with a soft tinkling sound into its basin.

Nearer in the ivy about the window the discontented chirp of a restless sparrow broke the solemn stillness of the night.

Never more solemn than in the heart of a great city.

There was a sense of satisfaction in the thought that he was in the same city with her, the same horizon bounded them, perhaps the little feet had tripped along the carefully-kept walks in that very square, or she had paused to watch the sparrows bathe in the marble basin.

He would ask her to-morrow.

To-morrow?—to-day, for already "morn, waked by the circling hours with rosy hand, unbarred the gates of light."

His vigil was ended.

Some hours later he started, and after some little time he found himself at the house indicated by the address.

He pulled the bell impatiently, and after what seemed to him a long time the door was opened.

"Does Mr. Gilbert Hayward live here?" he asked, and there was a shade of anxiety in his voice.

This plain, but elegant-looking house in a fashionable street did not tally with the low vine-covered cottage in Kent county.

He knew he was a fool, but Laura and the little cottage were inseparably connected in his mind.

A horrible conviction that she might have changed took possession of him.

He had heard strange tales of Boston, and had a vague idea that the cabmen spoke grammatically, and ate unlimited quantities of beans.

Perhaps Laura was cultured, and ate beans, too.

Well—

"Yas, sah."

"Is he at home?"

"Tell him a friend wishes to see him," he said, stepping into the wide hall. "No; I prefer not to send up my card," as the servant presented a waiter.

He was shown into an exquisitely cool and nicely-furnished parlor and left there.

The inside shutters of the windows facing the street were closed, and the light stealing through the lace curtains was so subdued as to throw the room in a semi-darkness that was not ungrateful after the glare outside.

At the other end of the room through an open window that reached to the floor he had glimpses of a smoothly-shaven lawn and rose bushes and a tiny pavilion covered with sweet-smelling woodbine.

The room itself was tastefully, even elegantly furnished, a statuette of the Venus of Milo stood between the windows, and over one of the mantles an engraving of Charlotte Corday at the window of her prison, and everywhere, on the mantels, on the tables, on the brackets in vases, were flowers, sweet June roses, whose subtle perfume recalled the little porch where he had kissed his love good-bye.

But the thing that attracted him most was a crayon of Laura in an out of the way corner of the room.

He went over and stood before it.

Yes, she was changed.

When he last saw her she was a shy, trembling girl.

This was a woman's face that smiled so kindly on him.

There was no sound, only the tinkling of bells as a car went by, and the far away song of a bird in the garden, then, then, an irresistible impulse made him look up.

Laura Hayward was standing irresolute at the further end of the long parlor.

Her face will be no whiter when she lies in her coffin, and her eyes were shining like [illegible].

Their eyes met in a long, searching glance that laid bare their very souls, and over her face came a change, a swift irradiation that needed no words to interpret its meaning.

With a few quick strides Lionel had reached her side.

"Laura, oh! Laura. I have kept my promise," he cried breathlessly. "I've traveled night and day come thousands of miles to see you, as I swore I would do. Oh! my darling, my darling!"

Catching her in his arms, he strained her to his breast, as if he would never let her go from his sheltering arms again.

There was silence for a few moments; then he suddenly pushed her from him, a terrible nameless fear in his heart.

"Laura," how he loved to dwell upon the name. "Laura, have you been true to me? Are you glad that I am come? Speak to me."

For answer, she held out her hand.

Small and dimpled and innocent of rings, save on one of the slender fingers was a narrow gold band.

It was his ring.

Tears stood in her clear, steadfast eyes, and her tender lips were quivering.

Yet she drew away from him with a delicate grace and dignity.

"You are cruel to ask me that, Lionel. Never, never doubt me. I can't bear it, Lionel. It pains me so, here."

She put her hand over her heart as she spoke, and his conscience smote him, as well it might, for his suspicion.

He drew her towards him and kissed away the tears from her wet lashes.

"You, sweet little goose, my darling, forgive me, after so many disappointments. Do you wonder at my being incredulous? If you only know how unhappy I've been."

"But you're happy now," wiping the tears from her cheeks and giving him an adorable little smile. "Aren't you?"

"Perfectly," he answered, without an instant's hesitation.

"I've absolutely nothing on earth to wish for—but one thing."

"And what is that?" her hands fluttering to his collar. "A new necktie? I don't like the one you've on."

"No—to see you my wife."

"We'll talk about that by-and-bye. The present is too precious to waste in trifles."

"Trifles? Oh, Laura," looking at her reproachfully.

"Yes, sir. Trifles light as air. Now I'm happy, happy, happy. Isn't it enough to know that you're here to see you, to hear you, to know that we'll never, never, NEVER part any more."

She ran to the piano and a burst of melody filled the room as she sang with exquisite pathos:

"'Love born in hours of joy and mirth,
  With mirth and joy may perish;
That to which darker hours gave birth,
  Still more and more we cherish.

'It looks beyond the clouds of time,
  And through death's shadowy portal;
Made by adversity sublime
  By faith and hope immortal!

"There," turning from the piano and confronting her lover with swimming eyes. "That's the kind of love in which I believe. Talk to me or I shall die of joy. Don't you know there's an ecstacy that kills?"

A more puzzled man than Lionel at this moment could not be imagined. Did all women act in that way when they were happy?

It was a phase of Laura's character he had never seen before.

He supposed he would get used to it—in time.

He led her to a seat and put his arms about her.

"Now, let me talk to you," he said tenderly.

"Yes, tell me all about the folks at home in dear old England. How is Edward and Myra and——" she hesitated and grew red.

"My mother?"

She nodded.

"They are all well, and send love to you. It is a long story I have to tell you, Laura."

Sitting side by side, her soft cheek resting against his, he told her everything.

His quarrel with his mother, his long search in America, his meeting Myra's uncle, and finally the finding of the address at the stationer's.

When he finished, she kissed him softly, saying:

"Oh, my love, my dear, dear love how much you have suffered for me, but I love you so, and love will soon teach you to forget all your sorrow."

And he looked down upon the fair sweet face upturned to his.

He would forget everything but her love and devotion.

"You must forgive my mother, Laura. There must be no doomsday book in our family. You know 'to err is human, to forgive divine,' and poor mother is lamentably human, but here is her last letter. When you hear it, you will think as I do."

He took out the letter, and opening it, read a paragraph: "You must come back to me, Lionel," she wrote, "*and not alone.* When I see you both and know that you have forgiven me, then the sun will shine again, the birds will sing again as they did before, I rashly drove my children away from me."

"Put it away, Lionel," Laura said brokenly. "I cannot bear any more to-day. We will love each other, I know."

"Now," said Lionel, doing as she bade him. "How is your father?"

"Well, and happy and much changed. He has been successful, and in this country success, as well as death, is a great leveler, and the 'open sesame' to every door."

So absorbed were they, that neither heard the sharp click of a deadlatch key in the lock, nor saw a silent surprised figure in the doorway.

It was no wonder that Hayward, for it was he, paused, doubting the evidence of his eyes, at seeing his daughter in the arms of a stranger, for in the dim light he did not recognise the intruder.

Laura looked up, and with a cry of surprise, sprang from her lover's arms and ran to her father.

She took him by the hands, and half-dragging him forward, cried excited:

"Oh, father. Don't you know, can't you see who it is? It's Lionel, father, Lionel, come back to me."

She had spoken truly when she said her father was changed.

There was an ease, a repose in his manner that only comes of success and the constant friction of keen, polished minds.

A man who knows merely with a keen glance, and acts with a firm hand, may do very well for the rough work of the world, but he may be a very ungracious and unlovely creature withal—angular, square, dogmatical, persistent, pertinacious, pugnacious, blushless and perhaps bumptious. To bevel down the corners of a character so constituted by a little æsthetical culture, were a work of no small benefit to society, and a source of considerable comfort to the creature himself.

All this and more, Laura, and the influence of cultured society, had done for Gilbert Hayward.

When his daughter almost dragged him forward, he welcomed Lionel warmly and gracefully.

"My dear boy. I'm glad, very glad, to see you."

And he was sincere in what he said.

Between Hayward the steward and Hayward half-owner and partner of one of the largest cotton mills in the suburbs of Boston, a great gulf rolled.

They were too different and distinct individuals.

Hayward the steward left his native land to prevent his master from making a mesalliance with his daughter; the daughter of Hayward the proprietor was a prize many sought to possess in vain.

He met Lionel then as one equal meets another.

Lionel's face flushed with pleasure and then paled.

"You are very kind to welcome me so warmly, Hayward, but before we go further I must explain my errand. Perhaps your welcome will be less warm;" then with a look at Laura, who was clinging to her father's arm, he continued: "There is an old custom in the East, Hayward, that bids a host gives to his guest his dearest treasure, that which he loves best, and I have come for yours, Hayward—for Laura."

He paused, and Hayward glanced down and drew the lithe form of his daughter close to his breast.

For twenty years he had been father, mother, everything to her.

It was hard to give her up, and the muscles of his strong face twitched nervously, but knowing his duty he did it manfully.

"Lionel, there's not a man on the face of the earth I would rather see my daughter marry than yourself. You look surprised to hear me say it. It's true, nevertheless, but rather than have her go to England, where she would be looked upon as an intruder, an interloper, as God is my witness I would sooner do as Virginius did—kill her myself. It would be less cruel."

"There no necessity for your resorting to parricide just yet, Hayward," said Lionel lightly, and glancing at Laura, "as my mother is willing, even anxious, to receive your daughter as my wife," and seeing a look of incredulity on Hayward's face, added "If you don't believe me read her letter. Here it is."

He held out his hand containing the letter.

"Put up the letter, boy," said Hayward, with a half smile parting his stern lips, and waving back the letter with his hand. "Your word is good enough for me. So your mother consents. Well, well, that woman is an enigma."

"They all are," replied Lionel sententiously.

Hayward made no reply, but drew his daughter closer and stroked the bright head that lay upon his breast.

Then he placed his hand beneath her chin and raised her face to his.

"Do you want to go, my daughter?"

"Father, I love him," she whispered softly, a bright blush spreading over her face, and casting down her eyes till the long lashes rested on her flushed cheeks.

Without another word he unclasped the clinging arms from about his neck, and gently placed her in the outstretched arms of her lover.

They closed around her in a strong and tender embrace.

"Till death do us part, my darling," he whispered.

Hayward turned away with a queer pain at his heart.

"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
  Those we love and those who love us,

Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them.

"Isn't that true, Lionel," he said half-humorously. "Where are you staying. You must bring your things here without delay. That's one of my conditions."

The conditions were complied with that same afternoon.

Did you ever notice that one fortunate circumstance often follows another in rapid succession?' So in the last chapter of a story, as in the last act of a play. Life is like a cat's cradle, but pull the right string and everything comes out straight, the hero and heroine are united and the villain punished, only our villain being a very mild one and a woman at that, we purpose to reform her, which no doubt is the better plan, and will meet the approval of all good Christians.

While at breakfast next morning, Laura was surprised at receiving a letter from Myra Wentworth, dated in New York.

"You will be astonished," so ran the letter, "to learn of my arrival in this city. I am surprised myself. Uncle has told me everything. So instead of inserting a personal in the *Herald*, as I promised, I concluded to write you. I am dying, positively dying, to see you, and am going to set at naught all known rules of etiquette and invite myself to visit you. My knowledge of your angelic disposition, and that you enjoy being imposed upon, fortifies me in my rash resolve. Will leave on the morning of 20th of June. Uncle Daniel and my half-sister—of whom you have heard me speak and who has been with me for nearly three years—will accompany me. Remember me to your dear father and with love to Lionel, the length of whose eyes shall engage my careful consideration as soon as I see him, and hoping to see you very soon, believe me,

"Yours affectionately,
MYRA WENTWORTH."

"P. S.—I have with me the sweetest, loviest little girl in the world. She is two years old and we call her Laura.

"MYRA."

"Papa, if something disagreeable doesn't happen—if you don't pinch me, or scold me, or do something real horrible, I shall expire of ecstacy."

"Heaven forbid such a contingency."

At that moment someone entered.

"Is it you, Malcolme. How d'ye do this morning? Let me introduce you to my—friend, Mr. Wentworth, from England. Mr Wentworth—Mr. Brownell—papa's partner. Malcolme, won't you sit down and have some breakfast with us?"

"No, thank you, not this morning," with a quizzical look that made her face as red as the Jacqueminot roses at her belt, and she hid behind the coffee urn. "Mr. Hayward, I came over to ask you to stop at the house on your way to the mills. Mother wants to see you about something or other. Is there anything I can do for you, Laura?"

"Yes," emerging from her hiding-place. "Lionel—Mr. Wentworth, wants to see through the mills. Won't you be his cicerone? I've just received a letter that bids me prepare for company, and by-the way," turning to her lover. "Lionel, as you pass a telegraph office, you had better send a message to Myra that we will expect her."

Hayward and Lionel left the room for their hats and Laura and Malcolme were alone.

He strode up to her and seized her hand, on which sparkled a brand new diamond ring.

"Ah, ha, young woman, the prince has arrived. Your lover has come, Laura. You cannot deceive me. Is it not so?"

"Yes," she answered, looking up into his face brightly, and adding softly: "I am so happy. Life seems very bright and beautiful to me this morning."

"'Life is a waste of wearisome hours which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns.' That's a lie, isn't it. God bless you both. I'll meet them at the door. Good-bye."

"Be sure and come over to see my friends when they come," she called after him.

He came the very next evening; as he stood on the steps waiting to be let in, he could hear the hum of gay voices, and the sounds of merry laughter, issuing from the brilliantly lighted parlor.

When he reached the doorway, he paused at the sight within, and drew his breath hard.

Leaning in a graceful attitude against the mantel, and in the full light of the candelabra, was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."

She lifted her eyes, and a faint color flooded her face, like the soft blush of a rose, and turning, she walked away.

At this moment, Laura came forward, smiling and triumphant.

"Well, truant, where have you been since yesterday morning. I'll forgive you on one condition—that you bring all your power of eloquence to bear, and help me persuade my friends to stay longer. What's a week in Boston?"

"Seven days; or, to be more explicit, one hundred and sixty-eight hours; or, more explicit yet, ten thousand and eighty minutes; reduced to seconds, six hundred and four——"

"I'll not bother you to reduce it any farther. Come with me."

Saying this, she introduced him to all—but one.

At her bidding, Claire Hardie stepped into the room from the veranda.

"She walks in beauty as the night," thought Malcolme, as she came slowly forward—a mass of cream white lace and muslin and sweet English violets.

Laura put her hand on Malcolme's arm and moved forward to meet her.

"Miss Hardie, this is Mr. Brownell, the incorrigible young man I've been telling you about. He is very nice, indeed, when he talks sense, which isn't very often, I'm sorry to say. I leave him to your tender mercies."

At the names, Miss Hardie and Malcolme Brownell started.

Then a broad smile parted her full red lips, and Malcolme, with an inward malediction, knew to a dead certainty that his face rivalled the flower on the lappet of his coat.

Men are at such a disadvantage in such encounters.

Finally he too smiled and extended his hand.

"Miss Hardie, I plead guilty and throw myself on the mercy of the court. There is no use fighting against fate."

She smiled, and he took her fan and fanned her gently while he continued:

"In the infinite variety of combinations possible with sixty millions of people in the United States, it is a strange freak of destiny that brings us face to face. Don't you think so? How did you enjoy your trip to Europe?"

"Immensely," with an air of decision.

"And you?" looking at him archly.

"I—oh," recovering himself, for he was fast losing his head. "My experience is similar to the old song.

"'I went to the raging main,
Daily striving to forget her
But when I returned again,
Surely I did not love her better.'"

He lied, but what will one not do for the love of a beautiful woman.

"Pshaw! where did you learn such nonsense," withdrawing her hand with more haste than was absolutely necessary, and turning away her head so that he could only see one little pink ear. "I am going to leave you now to Laura, I see she is coming."

"How could you have the heart to plan such a conspiracy," he said to Laura as she came up and looking at her reproachfully.

"I—a conspirator—oh, no, I talk too much."

She looked at him so innocently that he was fain to believe her.

"Well, at any rate, it will be pleasant to think that you were the means of bringing us together."

"Malcolme, what do you mean? If there is any one thing I hate above another, it is a riddle, the most stupid thing in the world. Invented for children and fools. I never could guess one, even the most obvious. Well?"

"Don't you really know what I mean?"

"No, nor any one else. I defy any one to make sense of what you've been saying the last five minutes."

"Do you remember of my telling you of the young lady, the governor selected for my wife, and how we both fled to Europe to escape each other. There she stands," indicating with a glance, Claire Hardie. "By my faith the old man had good taste. I wish he were alive to to see his plans consummated. A precious pair of fools we were. Do you think she ever will forgive me?"

"Ask her," answered Laura, recovering from her surprise, a pleased smile dimpling her face. "Now I must go to father; poor, dear man, he'll be so lonely when I am gone."

"Will he?" inquired Malcolme, and following the direction of his eyes, she had just time enough to see her father lead Mrs. Brownel, Malcolme's mother, out into the cool moonlit garden.

"Ta ta sister," Malcolme cried gaily; "I go to follow your advice. Poor dear father, he will be so lonely, ta-ta."

What line of argument he used to convince Claire Hardie of his love is a secret that he has never divulged, there is another little secret also that he keeps to himself—his proposal to Laura on board the good ship, Lord Gough—but he was eminently successful in his wooing, for two months from the night he first saw her, there was a double wedding in that same room, and two finer or handsomer or fairer couples than Lionel and Laura, Malcolme and Claire, never stood under a marriage bell.

The remainder of the summer was spent at the seashore and mountains, and in the early autumn they went to New York from Long Branch.

They traveled on the same boat in which Lionel had made the trip three months before.

When they reached the city Myra and her uncle, Malcolme and his wife, went one direction, and with a few words of explanation to Myra, who nodded her head approvingly, Lionel and his wife directed the cabman to take them to a number on —— street.

The cab drew up in front of a stationer's, and springing out, Lionel helped his wife to the sidewalk, and led her into the store. The same little old man was perched at a desk in the rear of the store.

He looked up as they came in, and getting down from his high stool, came forward to meet them.

Lionel put out his hand.

"I wonder if you have forgotten me, but we could not leave the city without coming in person to thank you for your kindness in giving me the address. This is the young lady herself. She is now my wife."

He pronounced the last word with considerable unction, and the old man smiled amiably upon them, though looking somewhat dazed.

"Well, well," rubbing the bald spot on his head, and looking from one to the other helplessly.

"Well, I'm sure; who would have thought it? So you're married, eh? would you mind shaking hands with an old fellow like me, ma'am?" with a look of undisguised admiration at the young wife.

Laura extended one of her slim gloved hands and the old man shook it heartily.

"I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure," he said, gratefully, "and it's a great comfort to know that it turned out all right. I worried over it considerable, but my daughter—she's very romatic and reads piles of novels—she said just how it was. She'll be tickled when I tell her. Are you going to live in New York?"

"No," answered Lionel; "we expect to start for England Saturday," and with another shake all around, they left the little old man and were driven to the house of Daniel Holme.

Two days later Daniel Holme, Myra, Lionel and Laura stood on the deck of an outward bound steamer, and waved an adieu to Malcolme and Claire, who had promised to visit them in the spring.

As the vessel swung heavily from her moorings and dropped down the stream, the crowd on the pier was augmented by a man and woman, who hurried to the front; he lifted his hat and the warm September sunshine glistened on his shining pate.

The woman was tall and lank, with a cadaverous hungry look about her that appealed to one's sympathies.

She waved her handkerchief and the salute was returned.

The couple was the little old man and his romantic daughter.

Gilbert Hayward wished to accompany his daughter to New York, but she would not hear of it.

"No," she said, throwing her arms about his neck, "let me go away, thinking of you as here in our pleasant home, where we have been so happy together. It would be too hard for me to leave you standing all alone on the pier."

She had her way.

Mrs. Wentworth received them with great eclat.

The village bells rang out a merry peal, and the tenantry were out in full force to cheer their young master and his wife as they rode by on their way to the Hall, where they were to stay for a few weeks until their own home, five miles away, was ready for occupancy.

No reference was made to the past, but once Mrs. Wentworth followed Laura to her room, and drawing her gently to her side would have spoken, but Laura, laying her lips softly on those of the elder woman, said gently—

"Mother, I love you. I believe you love me and that is enough. The past is forgotten as well as forgiven. Let us never refer to it again."

They never did, and as the fairy tale says, "they lived happily ever after," such is the influence of a beautiful and legitimate love.

Lionel and Laura, who had sometime before moved into their own home, spent the holidays at "The Hall."

One day as Myra and Laura sat talking by the fire, Edward and Lionel followed by their dogs came in.

"Aren't you most frozen?" inquired Myra, who had her little girl on her knee. "Laura, pull the bell, won't you, and order in the tea. We'll not wait for mother any longer. I can't imagine what keeps her and Uncle Daniel out so long. They've been gone since two o'clock, and it is now four."

The two men had gone to the window, and now Lionel called excitedly—

"Laura, Myra, come here do, oh, hurry."

They ran to him.

It was a bright cold day, the wind whistling through the bare branches of the trees in the avenue, and blowing the dead leaves hither and thither like chaff.

At the far end of the avenue two figures were slowly approaching the house.

They were talking earnestly, and while the group at the window flattened their noses against the cold pane, Uncle Daniel raised Mrs. Wentworth's hand to his lips and then tucked it with an unmistakable air of possession under the sleeve of his shaggy overcoat.

Lionel turned from the window with a hearty laugh, and they all gathered about the fire sipping their tea and nibbling toast.

"When a man of Uncle Daniel's age and sense does a thing like that,"—Lionel set down his cup with a bang—"he means business. Myra, I'll bet you a hat they will be married within six months. Will you take it?"

"Yes," said Myra, who was busy buttering toast for young Edward.

"But will you pay? That's the question. Laura can tell you that my stock of head gear needs replenishing. She gave my best chimney pot hat to Bailie yesterday. Didn't you, my dear?"

"Of course I'll pay it I lose," said Myra, with some show of spirit, and her mouth full of bread and butter.

He won the hat.

[THE END.]

GOOD MANNERS AT HOME.—The following rules for the preservation of good manners at home are worth memorizing: Shut every door after you without slamming it. Never stamp, jump or run in the house. Never call to persons up stairs, or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly where they are. Always speak kindly and politely to the servants, if you have them. When told to do or not to do a thing, by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it. Tell of your own faults, not of those of your brothers and sisters. Carefully clean the mud and snow from your boots or shoes before entering the house. Be prompt at every meal.

The Masked Ball.

BY HENRY FRITH.

DON'T be rash in this, my dear, don't! What will your friends say—what will the world say—when they hear that Ianthe Howard is going to marry her music master?

"What do we know of this man? Oh, pause and consider, my darling—my darling!"

And gentle, motherly Mrs. Burnham knelt down on the rich carpet, and slipped her pleading arms round the slender figure before her.

"I have considered, Aunt Helen," the girl said, coldly. "You ask me—what do we know of Jean D'Esterre? And I answer—we know he is a gentleman. That is the only knowledge I value.

"If you will not consent to our marriage now, we shall wait for a year, and then I shall be my own mistress. But, dear Aunt Helen," with a sudden softening in the proud voice, "do be my friend in this! You have been so kind to me all my life, and now——"

The beautiful dark face grew strangely pleading.

"Now I am kinder than I ever was," Aunt Helen said, "kinder, because of my great love for you, dear.

"Harshly kind, perhaps, in my anxiety for your happiness. A girl, young, handsome and an heiress, cannot be too careful in her choice of friends."

"But you know—I love him!"

She said the words wistfully, deprecatingly, lifting her lovely, troubled eyes to her aunt's face.

"I know you do not, Ianthe! A girl less than a year out of school—why, you do not know your own mind! Besides—my darling, let me tell you a truth, however terrible it may sound to you—he does not love you! I must speak plainly. He is only a contemptible fortune-hunter, who wants your money."

"Aunt Helen!"

She had sprung to her feet like a young tigress, a red glow leaping hotly to the pale olive of her cheeks, her eyes aflame.

"My dear, it is true. If the man has it in his nature to care for any one but himself, he loves Elsie Gaudet—Sutherland's niece. Wait till I have finished," as Ianthe lifted her head haughtily to speak.

"He met her, two years ago, in Paris. She is a compatriot of his. Think a moment, Ianthe!

You must have seen how it was. She introduced him to her relatives as an old Parisian friend—he made the most of his opportunity.

"He has good looks and a plausible manner, through which, aided by the Sutherlands' introduction, he secured an entree to our best houses.

"He is giving her lessons as well as you. He loves her; but you are an heiress, and his avarice predominates.

"If he cannot win you, he may succeed with her. Oh, my dear one, try and understand!"

For Ianthe Howard stood quite still and motionless, looking before her with blind, unseeing eyes.

She lifted one hand confusedly to her head; all the hot flame faded from her cheek.

"I don't believe it," she said slowly, as if too stunned for anger—"I don't believe it!"

"My dearest, I have been sudden. Forgive me!" her aunt cried, reproachfully, alarmed at the sight of that white, wild face.

"No," she said, calmly, though her lips were pallid and trembling. "If you can prove to me that one iota of this miserable story is true, I will thank you for my salvation.

"But"—in the same strained voice, as though she were repeating a lesson—"I don't believe it!"

"I shall give you one proof—the other you shall see for yourself.

"Yesterday I went to visit at the Sutherlands'. They were not at home; but the servant said Miss Gaudet was practicing in the music-room.

"I went towards it, of course unannounced, expecting to find her alone. The door was ajar, and as I reached it I heard Jean D'Esterre's voice, intense, pleading—heard Elsie Gaudet's light laugh. 'If you should meet Parthenia, with a white rose in her hand, how can I tell who it might be?' I knocked and Elsie sprang to answer, but not before I heard him whisper, Love deals not symbols.

"'Ingomar will know. My dear one, it lies with you to do the rest.'

"How?" drearily.

"Well, of course you know they alluded to Mrs. Kent's ball masque on the eighth. Go as Parthenia yourself."

"I?"

"Yes. Will you let me arrange with the costumer? I shall have that dress sent to you—another to her."

The girl started as if she had been shot.

"No!" she cried, passionately—"no! Listen to confidences not intended for my ear? It would be mean, dishonorable, understand. No."

"Ianthe, you have a mistaken idea of honor! You may save Elsie's happiness as well as your own.

"Do not misjudge her. She is a good little thing, and thinks he loves her only. Did she know of the double game he is playing, I am sure she would scorn him, as she should.

"This man has asked you to be his wife. Let him prove himself worthy to be your husband.

"You should stop at no silly scruples to tear the mask from that which may bring you misery and dishonor.

"My dear, if I am mistaken, I will beg your pardon and his, and give you to him with all my heart; but I love my child too dearly to risk her young life's peace. Will you be Parthenia?"

"Yes!"

At the door, Mrs. Burnham paused and looked back, with eyes grown suspiciously moist, and a great throb of compassion at her heart.

For, in the centre of the room, with bowed head and nervously-clasped hands, Ianthe Howard stood, a pitifully childlike figure, despite her heavy ruby-velvet draperies—a girl standing alone under the shivering, tottering ruins of her first love-castle!

* * * * * * * * *

"Are the costumes ordered last week finished?"

"Yes, madam!"

The proprietress hastily left less profitable customers to attend Mrs. Burnham.

"As I have the carriage, and will be passing Miss Gaudet's, I shall drop hers there, if it will be a convenience to you."

Madam was too kind.

They were overwhelmed with work.

They would be very grateful.

So madam's liveried coachman lifted the two long brown paper boxes into the carriage and it rolled away.

It was quite dark when it drew up at the Sutherlands' door.

"Just ring and hand in this, John. Make haste—it is late!"

She passed a box towards him.

He obeyed her.

Then he climbed to his seat, she gave the order "Home!" and the carriage drove off.

Mrs. Burnham laughed, a little sadly, to herself, and patted the box which held the pretty Parthenia dress.

"Elsie will think it a mistake. How else could I convince her? Besides, all's fair in love and war."

* * * * * *

Parthenia stood alone in the recess of a window, watched the motley crowd surging through Mrs. Kent's lofty room.

Hapless Marie Stuart and a "Heathen Chinese," Sir Walter Raleigh and Red Riding Hood, Richelieu and little Nell—floated serenely by.

"Ah, you have come at last."

Parthenia started suddenly at the whispered words, and turned to confront a tall, fur-clad Ingomar.

"Have you no word for me, my darling?"

"Yes; but not here."

She spoke very low, and in French.

She took his arm, and together they passed to a room made familiar to both in their social visits—the library.

The room was long, silent, dimly-lit.

As yet, it was too early for the dancers to wander off in search of cooler air, so they were undisturbed.

Once there, he turned and faced her in that mellow half-light which left the corners mystically dim.

He took off his mask, and showed a decidedly handsome, decidedly evil face.

"My Parthenia! how beautiful you look!"

The soft white robe fell in graceful, elsie folds to her feet—the heavy staff she takes when she gives her lover the flowers held carelessly in one hand—the helmet, the shield all glittering in the dim light.

"Why do you not speak to me, Elsie—my love?"

"Keep such a title for Ianthe Howard!"

"Ianthe Howard!" he repeated. "What is she to me? I told you I loved you two years ago.

"I love you still. Elsie, darling, be sure of that, and do not think too hard of me when you know what an avaricious wretch I am.

"If only you had her fortune! Take off that jealous mask.

"You start! Ah, my love, do not blame me too much.

"Remember, you only hold my heart, if need obliges me to take advantage of Miss Howard's foolish infatuation for me, and marry her—bank account!"

"Pray do not so far inconvenience yourself, Mr. D'Esterre. That foolish fancy is dead for ever!"

And Ianthe Howard calmly laid down her mask on the ebony centre-table.

"Great Heaven—Ianthe!"

"Yes! Permit me to return the pledge of a false vow."

And in her proud, silent way, she drew off a sparkling solitaire and laid it quietly down.

"And permit me to say you have made more than one mistake to-night, Jean D'Esterre."

And from out of a shadowy corner came the bright figure of a vivandiere.

Then one man felt the full misery his disloyalty and deceit had brought him, as Ianthe Howard and Elsie Gaudet passed together from the room, united in their triumph over treachery—the woman he had loved for her money and the woman he had loved for herself.

And to-day, Ianthe knows that her life and love lie sacredly in the hands of an honest man, and thanks Heaven, from the depths of her true woman's heart, for the happiness that bloomed and blossomed out of her girlhood's sorrow.

CHARITY toward the weaknesses of human nature is a virtue which we demand in others, but which we find very hard to practice ourselves.

Suppose.

BY HENRY SELBY.

"THEN—you really and truly mean no, Rosie?"

"I really and truly mean I cannot be your wife, Harry!"

And then Mr. Harry Sartoris frowned, and knocked off a whole row of innocent daisies with his cane, and looked vexed, and disappointed and sad.

She was a beautiful little marvel of feminine humanity, Rosie Randolph, with the very bluest of blue eyes, that a moment before had looked up so wistfully at Sartoris' dark, handsome face, that were now demurely hidden under the white lids, so heavily fringed with the long sweeping brown lashes.

A charming little lady, who had played terrible havoc with Harry Sartoris' heart from almost the very first moment he had seen her, just six months ago now.

He had been her most devoted, and had told her weeks before this how he loved her and wanted her for his wife.

And the answer had been the same—she loved him dearly, dearly, but she could not be his wife, because she had been engaged to Mr. Vreeland Van Der Voort for—oh, ages, it seemed to her.

"But you don't care a fig for him, Rosie."

"No I don't. How could I, when I never even have seen him?"

"Never have seen him? Why, Rosie, is it possible?

"Never have seen your future—your betrothed husband, I mean?"

She shook her pretty little golden-brown head.

"No. But papa and her are old friends, and he is very rich, and very learned, and papa thinks there is no one in all the world like Mr. Van Der Voort."

"A big, fat German he must be, Rosie, with such a name—Vreeland Van Der Voort. How can you marry him, and yet—love me? Do you love me, Rosie?"

And there was a wonderful thrill of passion in his eager question as he drooped his dark head towards her face.

"Oh, you know it!" she whispered.

"And yet you will not break your absurd engagement with a man you never even saw for me, Rosie."

The big tears started to Rosie's blue eyes, and her little rosebud mouth quivered.

"You are cruel, Harry, to talk so to me, when you know how I love you.

"But I cannot disobey papa; I do not wish to go contrary to his wishes.

"He knows Mr. Van Der Voort, and knows he will be good to me; he is papa's friend—he was mamma's friend, and he surely will be my friend, too, Harry.

"Oh Harry, I do love you better than all the world, but I must do as papa wishes, as mamma wished before she died!"

"I cannot understand any such sentiment," he answered, hotly.

"If you love me, you would give this absurd engagement up—you would marry me in spite of all the money, all the fathers in the world. I would do it—I will do it for you, Rosie."

"Don't tempt me, Harry. It cannot be—you know it cannot be! I have promised papa to marry Mr. Van Der Voort, and both he and papa hold me to my word.

"There! I must go now. Mr. Sampson is coming for his waltz. Don't be angry with me, Harry, dear."

And Mr. Sartoris watched her go, with a frown on his handsome face.

"I wish the old boy had Vreeland Van Der Voort!" he thought, vindictively.

Then he sauntered off to a retired corner, and watched Rosie dance with Mr. Sampson, utterly oblivious to the fact that half-a-dozen young ladies were sending him shy glances, and wondering why Mr. Sartoris was not as sociable as usual.

"He shan't have her," he was thinking, "and that's all about it.

"An old man—forty-seven years old, a widower, with a grown-up girl, a Dutchman at that—to marry my dainty little Rosie. We'll see!"

* * * * * *

The sauciest black eyes imaginable, and a creamy-olive complexion, with a fine, luscious rose-tint on her cheeks; a red mouth, like a ripe strawberry, and a distracting dimple on her cheek when she laughed; a form like a Juno—tall, perfect, distingue, that was Maud St. Hilary, standing in Mrs. Bermondy's drawing-room, her lemon-silk dress and hot-hearted crimson roses making a perfect tropical picture of her.

And Mr. Harry Sartoris thought that of all royal creatures she was queen-royal, as he acknowledged his hostess' introduction and bowed vanquished by her beauty, by any woman's beauty, since that dismal time three years back, when he had been forced to give Rosie Randolph up.

She had kept her word and married Mr. Van Der Voort, and had gone abroad at once after the wedding, and was not yet returned.

The weeks, and months, and years had brought slow healing to Sartoris, but the sweet possibility of hope and happiness had never as much as dawned upon him, until he met Maud St. Hilary, a new, radiant star who had flashed like a comet into the social firmament.

Fresh from school, in all her exquisite beauty, and witchery, and grace, she had transfixed Sartoris, in common with a score of others, and—was hardly won by him at last, when, after doubts and fears, he had told her he loved her with the strongest love of his life.

Of this earliest love affair he honestly told her, although Rosie Randolph's name or Vreeland Van Der Voort's never passed his lips; for, he argued, there was every reason to suppose that when the Van Der Voorts returned, he and his wife would meet them often.

"But you do not care, you do not love me less that I have pleaded with another woman to be my wife, my darling?" he asked her one day.

"You love me now—you love me best!" she answered, passionately.

And he knew that there was no likelihood of any one ever coming into such love as theirs, to ruin and destroy.

For weeks the exquisite happiness went on, and then Harry declared his intention of seeing his beloved's father, and formally requesting his darling of him.

"I want you to consent to an early marriage, my sweet," he urged, impatiently; "and I shall tell your father you commissioned me. May I?"

She laughed and blushed.

"I suppose you will tell him what you please," she answered. "You will find papa just the dearest, dearest fellow in all the world——"

"Maud!"

"Well, the dearest best father, I mean. He will love you so, Harry. I know he couldn't help it, you know."

She flashed him a saucy look that made him catch her in his arms and punish her with kisses.

"May your prophecy be true, my darling.

"I will go to him at once, Room 42 you said, Maud? Stay here until I come back."

A prompt pleasant manly voice answered "Come in!" to Sartoris' rap on the door of Room 42, and as he entered the elegant room, a tall distinguished-looking gentleman advanced to meet him, an elderly gentleman, very like his darling, with handsome dark eyes, and a dignified courtly manner that was impressive and gracious, as he took Harry's card and smiled and bowed a fresh welcome.

"My daughter's friend. Mr. Sartoris, be seated. I am glad to see you! About the very first guest I have seen since our arrival."

He extended his hand with a quick cordiality that was most acceptable to Harry.

"Mr. St. Hilary," he said, then was just a little surprised by the look that flashed from the gentleman's eyes.

"I beg your pardon. Of course Maud has told you my name is Van Der Voort? She is my stepdaughter, you will remember. Ah, my dear come in.

"An old friend of yours, I think, Rosie. Mrs. Van Der Voort, Mr. Sartoris."

Just the faintest flush was visible on Rosie Van Der Voort's face as she came frankly forward and laid her hand in Harry's.

"Are you surprised? I am glad to see you, Harry. Where is Maud?"

As she turned questioningly to her husband, there was no possibility of Harry's failing to see the look of adoration and pride on her face, and the knowledge of that went realizingly home to him almost before he accepted the strangeness of their positions.

This then was Vreeland Van Der Voort, this elegant princely gentleman, who would have been noticeable in any society.

This "the fat old Dutchman," from whom he swore to save little Rosie Randolph.

He understood it all now, at one glance.

Rosie had obeyed her parent's wish, and her husband had taught her to love him above all men, and in his heart Sartoris did not wonder that she had preferred Vreeland Van Der Voort to himself.

But the strange romance of it all.

Maud, Vreeland Van Der Voort's daughter Rosie Randolph's stepdaughter; and he come praying for her hand.

A gay little laugh from Mrs. Van Der Voort dissipated all the peculiarity of the position.

"I am afraid we all have been in the secret, Harry," she said frankly. "But when Maud wrote of you, my husband and I were afraid you would shun our daughter if you knew she was ours, and seeing how interested she was, and knowing what a dear friend you were capable of being, we told Maud not to mention her father's name.

"We are so happy, Harry—my husband and I, that we wanted you and Maud to be happy too, if that could be."

Sartoris laughed.

"It does seem rather strange, doesn't it? Mr. Van Der Voort, I did want your wife once awfully, but I am sure she will excuse me if I say I want your daughter, and her even more.

"I have come to ask you to give her to me. May I have her? She loves me, and I love her, better than all the world."

It was manly, straightforward, and honest, and Mr. Van Der Voort was delighted.

"You may have her, and my blessing with her.

"She is a darling, although I daresay you have discovered that.

"Because Maud loves you, because I know you are worthy of her, and in special gratitude that you did not get the better of me where Rosie was concerned," and he smiled, "you may have my daughter, Sartoris. And I think we all will be very happy.

* * * * * *

"To think you knew all the while of my old-time infatuation for your lovely little stepmother, Maud," Harry said severely, when he had put the whole matter before her.

"Of course I knew, and, Harry, I was jealous of the remembrance lots of times. But I never will be again—never! Only, Harry, suppose you and my Rose-mother had married, what would have become of poor papa and me?"

"But we didn't, you see," he returned, as he drew her close to him, and smiled in her eyes and kissed her red mouth.

The Sunstroke.

BY N. Y. M.

DURING the height of the disturbances in 1798, our neighborhood remained almost free from those scenes of violence by which the face of the island was disfigured in other places.

On one occasion, however, and, as it happened, a joyous one, the glimmer of the bayonet was seen among its peaceful groves.

A handsome whitewashed cottage, retiring a little from the common road, was tenanted by a family of the name of Renisson.

A workshop close adjoining, together with a number of new and old ploughs, spade-trees, spars of unhewn timber, and heaps of shavings strewed about the yard, indicated the calling of the possessor, who is still the greatest carpenter in the neighborhood of the village.

His son Edmond, a handsome lad, had been for several months contracted to the daughter of a comfortable "dealing man," in the street, and the family were so much liked, that the whole village took an interest in the union.

One circumstance alone had occurred for many years to cast a gloom over the domestic pleasures of the tranquil circle.

Edmond Renisson had a twin brother named Lewis, so exactly resembling him in countenance and figure, that they might be called the two Dromios of the place.

Both were handsome, both graceful, and equally versed in all the accomplishments of their rank; both well instructed in the customary walks of rustic education, and both attached to each other with a fondness even exceeding the natural love of brothers.

Their characters, however, even from their early years, began to take a different course.

Edmond, the first born of the two, was distinguished by the common boyish giddiness and forwardness of spirit.

Lewis, on the contrary, was thoughtful and gentle, and given to piety, for which he incurred no little share of the jests and mirth of his more volatile companions.

It happened one day that Lewis slept in a field behind their house during several hours, with the noontide fervor of a July sun beating full on his unshaded figure.

His brother, returning from a neighboring fair, found him lying on the grass, and woke him up, when he complained of headache, and returned to the house unwell.

The medical man, whose assistance was procured, pronounced it a sunstroke, and the disorder ran its usual course.

Lewis recovered, and seemed for about a month the same as ever.

One day, old Renisson, raising his eyes as he was at work, encountered those of his younger son, which were fixed upon him with a singular expression.

And some time afterward, happening to look up again, he was surprised at the same appearance, and said, returning the stare with interest:

"Is it anything that would be ailin' you, Lewy?"

No answer.

"What ails you, I tell you? What makes you be lookin' at me that way?"

Still Lewy made no reply, but continued the same singular gaze.

"You're a dhroll boy, so you are," said the carpenter, resuming his work, and taking no farther notice of the circumstance.

At dinner, however, and at supper the same thing occurred, until at length it was so often repeated during several days, that the old man began to lose patience.

"Don't be lookin' at me that way, I tell you," he said; "do you hear me again? For what do you be lookin' at me?"

Lewy, however, still appeared to take no notice of these admonitions, until at length, after the rough manner of cottagers, his father had recourse to the cane, in order to compel him to desist.

Soon after other peculiarities began to appear in the conduct of the youth, which indicated some fast approaching mental ruin.

At meals, the presence of a stranger would prevent his eating.

His mother about this time fell ill, and, in a short time, died.

Lewis, during the course of her deathsickness, showed a surprising absence of mind, and the only sign by which the family could perceive that he was anywise conscious of their affliction, occurred on the morning of the poor woman's demise: when, on hearing it announced, he broke into fits of furious madness, which ended in tranquil but confirmed idiocy.

Enough remained, however, to show that the disease, to whose assaults the reason yielded, had not trespassed on the province of affection.

Unable to work or read, his chief occupation was that of nursing an infant sister, whom he guarded with more than maternal assiduity.

It was a cruel amusement to some of his old companions to observe the rage with which "Cracked Lewy" would shake his fist and stamp when the slightest insult or annoyance was offered to the baby.

"Lewy can't go. Lewy must mind the child," he said when any of his family sought to draw him from the house, in order to engage his attention with such cheerful scenes

and sports as seemed to them to restore a healthier tone of thought.

This affection, aided by the instinct of natural love, and heightened by pity, endeared the poor idiot more than ever to his relatives; and, as is generally the case in Ireland, a slight offered by a stranger in this quarter was much more keenly felt by any of his family than when directed against themselves.

But there is one event related in the village, which still more strikingly manifests the power of the heart, even when the reason is no longer capable of aiding it in the choice of good and evil.

One morning, on arising from his bed, Edmond Renisson went as usual to inspect their little field, from which, with consternation, he missed their only cow.

Acquainting his family with their mischance, he started immediately in pursuit, carrying with him a favorite dog, which unfortunately had been tied up at the time when the robbery was committed.

He did not return till late on the following evening, and, when he did, he brought the cow.

He entertained the family a good deal by his account of the many adventures which had distinguished his brief expedition.

The night, he said, he had passed in the mountains, where he saw and narrowly escaped some parties of the rebels, and his cow he had found quietly grazing that morning in a gentleman's park.

On his applying for his property, the gentleman, who happened to be with his men, and was a good-natured, cheerful man, informed Edmond that he had purchased her that very morning at a fair, and showed a natural degree of reluctance to lose his bargain.

At Renisson's desire, however, he sent the cow to the village by a herdsman, in order to ascertain the truth of the young man's story.

This was easily made to appear on their arrival in the village, and after partaking of some refreshment with the family, the herdsmen left the cow and took his leave.

Soon after this transaction, the wedding of Edmond, the joyous event already spoken of, was fixed for a certain day.

The landlord of their little holding, who had always taken the kindest interest in their affairs, insisted on having the marriage take place at his own house, where he was to give a feast to almost all the inhabitants of the village in honor of the occasion.

At an early hour, a group of young men and women assembled before the residence of the bride, the former decorated with ribands and kerchiefs of the gayest colors, the latter dressed in white, and bearing baskets of flowers, which they scattered on the nuptial path.

Moving to the sound of mirthful music, the gay procession took the way leading to the demesne of their generous patron, leaving few behind them in the village.

Life seldom offers us a scene of joy which contains not an ingredient of its opposite, or a spectacle of virtue without some qualifying stroke of evil to remind us of our frailty.

Among the youths who mingled most frequently in those sports, where Edmond Renisson was commonly triumphant, there was one, named Guare, a spiteful and malicious lad, who had been from his very childhood remarkable for his envious and quarrelsome disposition, for his idle and drunken habits, and for many other evil qualities.

To Edmond Renisson he had long conceived a peculiar hatred, as well occasioned by the superior dexterity of the latter in rustic exercises, as by a natural malignity of heart.

This detestable feeling was carried to its height on Edmond's suit to Mary Fitzgerald, who had rejected Guare more than once without hesitation.

For many weeks after the marriage had been arranged, he absented himself from the customary meetings of the villagers, and brooded in secret over the boiling venom of his heart, inflamed by hate and disappointment.

The mortification to his own pride, and the sight of happiness in a quarter where his hate was fixed, were the stings that pierced the bosom of this worthless being.

The merry sounds of preparation for the coming fete were discord to his jealous ear, and he sauntered at evening through the pleasant village, like a fiend astray among the innocent.

On the evening previous to that appointed for the marriage, as he loitered along the road in the neighborhood of the highway, the following notice posted against an elm-tree near the cross-road attracted his attention:

"WHEREAS, on the night of the fifth instant, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, a number of men having their faces blackened, and provided with fire-arms did burglariously enter the dwelling-house of Thomas Hanlon, of the Commons, and there and then did wilfully kill and murder the said Hanlon, he being at that time in the employ of His Majesty's government as a constable:

"A REWARD of five hundred dollars is hereby offered and will be given to any person or persons who shall give such information, private or otherwise, or may lead to the detection of the persons or any of the persons concerned in the said murder."

A horrible design suggested itself to the mind of Guare the instant he perused these words.

He remembered that the night specified was the very one which Edmond Renisson had spent in the mountains in pursuit of his cow.

No sooner had it fully presented itself to his mind, than it was embraced and put in execution.

A wretch more ready and not less destitute of principle than himself was made the confidant of the detestable scheme, and readily consented to take a share in its guilt and its advantages.

On the morning of the bridal, as Lewis who had been left at home to take care of the house, was playing with the infant in the sunshine, he was startled by observing the glitter of gun-barrels and the blaze of the dreaded scarlet among the boughs of the elm-row which lined a portion of the street.

They halted before the door of Renisson's house, and a corporal, who commanded the party, advanced to Lewis, and contemplated his figure with much attention.

We have already spoken of the singular resemblance that existed between the brother twins.

The corporal, after referring to a paper in his hand and seeming to compare the idiot's appearance with its contents, addressed him bluntly:

"Your name is Renisson, friend?"

"Aih, a yuh?"

"Come, come, your name is Renission, Edmond Renisson, is it not?

"What do you stare at? Have I got three heads upon me?"

"Aih?"

"Aih! Aih! Is that all you have got to say. Come along, I'll bring you where you shall be taught to cry aih, and ah, and oh, too, before we have done with you."

"Lewy can't go. Lewy must mind the child."

"Come, come, you know that will never do with me.

"Toss that brat some of ye into the cradle, and shut the door.

"Ay, shake your fist and grin. We're up to all that sort o' thing, you know. Come along, my tulip. Handcuff that fellow, and bring him away."

Overpowered by members, the afflicted idiot was conducted from the village, and conveyed in the direction of the high-road.

After travelling several miles through a flat and boggy country, they arrived in a half-burnt and miserable-looking hamlet, which was crowded with soldiers and country people, and clamorous as a rookery.

It had the misfortune to constitute, at the time, one of those dreadful military courts, at which a semblance of justice was used, as if to heighten the horrors of the certain cruelty which followed its judgments.

In one direction the sight of the loaded gibbet, in another the shrieks or groans arising from the horrible triangle, or, still more pitiful, the sound of the rending lash upon the naked back of the silent sufferer; these, and the view of the unburied corpse on the road-side, gave fearful evidence of the presence of the civil discord in the land.

Whether it was that the strangeness of the situation had produced a strong effect upon the glimmering of reason left him, and lighted it up for a time into a more than ordinary brightness, it is certain that Lewis when brought before the court, had more the appearance of a rational man than when the soldiers found him with the infant before the door of his paternal dwelling.

By the order of examination which was instituted, and the questions which were put, he was able to understand that they mistook him for his brother Edmond; nor did he undeceive them.

They had received secret information of his being one of a party who had been guilty of a nocturnal outrage at some distance from his place of residence.

The witness who had been suborned by Guare, and whose slight acquaintance with the brothers readily led him into real error, deposed as well to the identity as to the guilt of Kewis.

The idiot, though he understood the mistake, did not seek to undeceive them.

He was sentenced to be flogged to death at the triangle.

Still silent, he suffered himself to be led away toward the spot where this dreadful sentence was to be put in execution.

In the meantime all was mirth and life at Edmond's wedding.

Tables for the feast were laid upon the green before their patron's door, and the violin and bagpipe gave animation to the banquet.

The priest had now arrived, and all was ready for the nuptial ceremony.

Standing on the green, amid a circle of young friends, the bridegroom, in his gay attire, awaited the arrival of the messenger, who was to summon him to the house.

At this instant a peasant was seen running with all his speed from the entrance of the demesne.

On seeing Edmond, he hurried toward him, exclaiming:

"Oh, Misther Renisson! Lewy!"

"What of him?" said Edmond, startled by the apprehension of some sudden accident.

"Carried off by the sogers! heighst away for a rebel before my face!

"Sure I seen the corporal makin' up to him an' ax't him was it Edmond Renisson he had there? an' when he made 'em no answer they heighst him away with them, to the coort."

Without waiting to hear more, Edmond rushed from the scene of mirth, and followed by the peasant, pursued a short cut across the fields which led to his own house.

Lewis was not there, and the appearance of the child forsaken by its tender guardian sufficiently manifested the truth of the peasant's tale.

Judging from the direction which the military had taken, in what place he should be likely to find him, Edmond instantly left the village and hastened with his utmost speed in the direction of the hamlet in which the court martial held its sittings.

The poor idiot, in the meantime, was conducted to the dreadful triangle, where he suffered the men in silence to lay bare his shoulders, while the drummer, with many jests, prepared his instrument of torture.

"A fine clear skin it is, and fit for a gentleman's handwriting. Come, lad, let's see a little more o' the parchment. I'll set you a copy of strokes, though I dare say you'd prefer running-hand at the present moment. Tie up his hands. Never fear, lad, 'twill be all one at supper.

At this instant a cry of "Stop! stop!" was heard at a distance. Lewy, who knew his brother's voice, turned pale as a corpse. In a moment Edmond was amid the group.

"Let him go!" he exclaimed, as soon as he could muster breath—"you have taken the wrong man; I am Edmond Renisson."

The exact resemblance between both the brothers, observable even in circumstances so different, struck all the beholders with astonishment.

The execution of the sentence was suspended, while the brothers were re-called to court, and the mistake explained.

The witness, on whose testimony sentence had been passed on Lewis, was re-produced and seemed confounded at the sight of Edmond: he persisted, however, in his former evidence, and the judges readily admitted that the mistake as to identity was not material, provided the facts sworn against the idiot could still be proved against his brother.

Edmond, being called upon for his defence, accounted clearly for his absence from home on the night in question, and referred for a corroboration of his statement to the gentleman in whose possession he had found the cow.

It is not necessary to enter into detail of the manner in which the innocence of the accused was made to appear, and the treacherous conspiracy brought home to the accusers.

Even in those disastrous times, the love of justice, not wholly extinguished, exerted its influence, and the Renissons were immediately liberated, while the perjured Guare and his associate were transmitted to the county prison, to await the consequences of their perfidy.

On arriving in the village, Edmond, who could obtain from Lewis no explanation of his extraordinary silence, wished that he should accompany him to the bridal feast, in order to satisfy his family that no harm had happened to him. But this the affectionate idiot resolutely declined, giving the same answer, and in the same tone as he had to the corporal:

"Lewy can't go—Lewy must mind the child!"

ART PAINTING.—Probably you have heard of the London artist, Whistler's extravagance in houses. He was engaged to decorate a noble mansion in Belgravia; the price was no object to the owner—and for that matter neither was it to Whistler. One day a friend asked me to go over and see one of the rooms that was nearly completed, and I hastened to accept the invitation. This is what we saw on entering: A very slim, spare figure extended on a mattress in the middle of the floor; beside him an enormous palette, paints, a half-dozen long bamboo fish-poles resting on a line with their butts close at hand, and a very large pair of binocular glasses. Whistler, dressed wholly in black velvet, with the knicker-bocker pantaloons stopping just below the knee, black silk stockings and low pointed shoes, with silk ties more than six inches wide and diamond buckles, was flat on his back, fishing-rod in hand and an enormous eyeglass in one eye, diligently putting some finishing touches on the ceiling, his brush being on the other end of the fish-pole. Occasionally he would pick up his double glasses like some astronomer peering at the moon, and having gained a nearer and better view of the effect, he would again begin to agitate the paint brush at the other end of the long pole. "Now wouldn't I be a fool," said he, "to risk myself on a scaffolding and nearly twist my head off my shoulders trying to look upward when I overcome the difficulty and annihilate space so easily thus?"—and he gave a wave of his fish-pole. And such a room! one mass of gorgeous purple and blue, ornamented solely with an enormous number of the eyes of a peacock's feathers. It was a room to make a man a lunatic in a week. It was as if all the peacocks in Christendom had settled down upon one, and were about to smother one in tail feathers. And this was the celebrated "peacock room" about which all London went wild not long afterward.

"EXCELLENT sermon this morning," said Deacon Goodwill to his neighbor.

"Well, purty good. Ain't quite up to old Parson Slocum. He used to give it to 'em straight. He preached agin wickedness in the land."

"To be sure, but this man preaches right to us, personally."

"That's jest the trouble. I go to church to hear other folk's pitched into. I don't want to be rankled up myself."

Just then the minister passed along, and with a dubious shake of the head he cut short his remarks.

HENRY WARD BEECHER relates that once when riding on the circuit, he breakfasted at a house where johnny cakes were served. Observing a feather producing from his cake he remarked: "Sister, your johnny cake seems to be feathering out." "Yes," replied the lady unabashed: "I told John no longer than yesterday that he must get a cover for the meal barrel or move the hen-roost."

Scientific and Useful.

TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE.—A Belgian electrician claims to have perfected a process by which dispatches can be transmitted over a telegraph wire at the same time that telephonic messages are being sent.

TO DRIVE AWAY RED ANTS.—Clean the refrigerator thoroughly every morning, and then throw a little clear water into the compartment where butter and other articles of food are kept. You may prevent them getting into the sugar barrel in this manner: Place the barrel of sugar on a stool, putting each leg into an oyster or fruit can that has been cut in half, and fill the can half full of water.

ROAD LOCOMOTIVE.—A road locomotive designed for war purposes was recently tested in the presence of Count Moltke, and is said to have operated satisfactorily. It weighs twenty-eight and three-quarters tons, and drew easily forty tons' weight of guns mounted on their carriages, fully equipped. Its maximum traction power is 150 tons, and its cost of maintenance is about fifty cents an hour.

TIDAL ENERGY.—An English scientist proposes to utilize tidal energy for motive power by means of a dam or weir, constructed across a tidal inlet or in any position where it would exclude the water until about the time of high tide, when the fall of the water into the inclosure would be utilized by motors of some suitable kind. Again, the water in the inclosure would be retained until the time of low tide, when its fall or rush-out would be utilized by motors as in the former case.

EDUCATION AND RAILROADS.—The introduction of railroads has furthered education in Russia. It is said that 22 years ago, of four road-masters on a line about 25 miles long, two did not know their letters, and had clerks to write their reports. Instruction had to be provided for the employes of the roads, and the consequence is the establishment of about 33 "railroad schools," where men are trained to be engineers, firemen, road-masters, and telegraphers. The course of study extends over three years, with a two years' "practice course" in some cases, besides a preparatory course of one year for those who cannot read.

LEATHER AND SKINS.—Leather and raw skins are made impermeable to moisture by shaking them in a solution of water, 1,200 parts; gelatine, 5 parts, and bichromate of potash, 5 parts; or, water, 1,500 parts; gelatine, 20 parts, and bichromate of potash, 30 parts. The temperature of the solution varies from 50 to 212 degrees Fahrenheit. When the solution is not rich in bichromate it is used cold, and the leather or skin is subjected to its action for 24 hours. The bichromate may be replaced by the following solution: Water, 1,000 parts; alum, 100; gelatine, 10, and acetate of lead, 100. In every case after shaking one or two sides the leather or skin is prepared with paraffine.

Farm and Garden.

BONES.—In England, good results have been attained in the application of half-inch bones to poor upland pastures.

BALKY HORSES.—A New England man affirms that if you will take a balky horse from the wagon, and with one man at his head, and another at his tail, and whirl him around in the smallest possible circle, until he is dizzy, he will be cured of balkiness. At least he will be after two applications of the remedy.

A CHEAP AND GOOD PAINT.—Make of unslacked lime, two gallons of whitewash, add to it two and a half pounds of brown sugar and three ounces of salt. This, when applied, becomes perfectly hard and glossy. By mixing lamp-black a beautiful lead color can be obtained: for yellow, yellow ochre; for red, venetian red. This is a strong and durable paint.

DISPOSING OF RUBBISH.—Old shrubs, prunings of trees and vines, pea-brush, stakes, old labels, and all such accumulations may be gotten rid of. Besides these, if any weeds have been allowed to get large enough to ripen their seeds, place these there. On a mild day set fire to the heap, and carefully save the ashes. No fertilizer is more generally useful than wood-ashes, and by taking a little pains, a good supply may be obtained.

MULCHING.—The natural mulch is leaves which not only prevent evaporation from below, but allow the rain to pass between them to add to the moisture of the soil. It is no doubt within the experience of every one that the earth beneath a stone, a board, or whatever has laid upon the surface, is always moist. This condition may be produced over a large surface, by merely covering it with any material that will prevent evaporation. With all newly set plants, whether trees or small plants in the garden, a little litter, or whatever may be at hand will be of great benefit.

WASHING WOOL.—There is but little in favor of washing wool on the sheep's back, and for old and feeble animals it is a positive injury. The practice is unnecessary, disagreeable, and dangerous to the health of both men and sheep, and may well be abolished. Sheep ought to be so kept, that the unwashed wool may be clean enough for market. Newly shorn sheep need protection during storms. If this be looked after properly, early shearing is not objectionable. After shearing, the ticks gather on lambs, and may be destroyed by dipping them in tobacco water, with some sulphur added.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 17, 1882.

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TOO TRUE.

If the husband does not altogether fulfil the promise of the lover, is it not equally true that in many instances the wife falls short of the possibilities of the sweetheart? Does not her sweetness of temper too frequently evaporate in the atmosphere of her own home? Do not all the little faults which she labored to keep in the background during the days of her courtship, encroach one by one on the matrimonial territory, on finding that the guards are drugged at their posts? Does not the spotless toilette become demoralized, and curl-papers, and slip-shod shoes, and crushed ruffles come to be admitted at the breakfast table?

Often the girl who would not allow her lover to find her in soiled laces, or an undarned rent in her gown, or ventilations in her gloves—who would scarcely dream of appearing before him without a flower or ribbon in her hair, does not scruple to receive her husband at dinner with tumbled hair and gaping buttonholes, and the general air of a sloven; and though the poor baby, or babies, may be brought forward in extenuation, yet in her girlhood a legion of babies would not have sufficed to undermine the architecture of her braids, or to rumple the drapery of her overskirt when Augustus was expected.

But aside from the question of her toilette, why is it that, having acquired a certain control over her weaknesses before marriage, she should no longer deem it expedient or necessary to perfect the reform, but should allow her irritability, her love of ease, her talent for repartee, to get the better of her?

Are the aggravations of one's own children and housekeeping harder to be endured than the teasings of thoughtless brothers and sisters, who are too well acquainted with one's foibles and the uncertainty of the future?

How does it happen that the wife forgets the soft answer with which the sweetheart thrust away wrath? Does she fall into the mistake of believing self-control to be a means, and not an end in itself? Perhaps Augustus wonders if the woman who presides at his urn, and sits beside his hearth, with nothing but gossip and commonplaces upon her tongue, is the same Clara who once bore a striking resemblance to the girl in the fairy tale from whose lips pearls and rubies fell like rain. Is it not as important to entertain one's husband as one's lover? Why should Clara prefer the admiration of one to that of the other?

To be sure, Clara wishes to please Augustus, and is not seldom greatly surprised that she fails to do so, laying the blame to some radical change in her husband much oftener than it is just, when in truth the real failure results from a discontinuance of the means by which she engaged his regard in the beginning.

If beauty consists, as many contend, in association, the husband will doubtless continue to find delight in those things which allured his bachelor fancy, if they are presented with the same grace; the same care for harmony and taste in dress and surroundings will renew the sentiment of those earlier scenes in love's young dream, if the sentiment has lost its freshness; and since it is more difficult to regain that which has once been lost than to retain what is already your own, a wise and seasonable attention to trifles will often render the prize secure which self-denial and long-suffering may fail to recover.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE prevalence of near-sightedness among French school children is attributed to the thinness and smallness of the type of the text-books they use.

—

SOME successful experiments were made recently with a compressed air tram-car engine in Belgium. The expense is said to be barely one-half that of horse traction, and each engine is powerful enough to draw at least two cars.

—

THE clippings of the sole leather in New England shoe factories were formerly regarded as worthless, and the smell of their burning was a peculiarity of such towns as Lynn and Salem. These scraps are now stamped into buttons for clothes, and fancy tack-heads for upholstery, and the long-familiar odor is missed.

—

AMERICAN corned beef has become a suspicious article of import in Germany ever since a Custom House officer opened a case of it and found, instead of sound and edible meat, a supply of Socialistic circulars and pamphlets that had been sent there from Chicago. The consignee was arrested, and corned beef will be investigated hereafter.

—

PROF. NORDENSKJOLD, during his Arctic voyages was perplexed by the question: "What becomes of the bodies of animals which die a natural death?" He very seldom found such remains, and declared that on Spitzbergen it was easier to find vertebræ of monster extinct reptiles than the bones of the seal, walrus, or bird, of the present day. The problem is yet unsolved.

—

THE Chinese in San Francisco are reported to be directing their attention to type-setting, and, strange to say, English type-setting, some of their number having learned the compositor's vocation in the printing-offices of the English journals published at Canton and Hong Kong. They are said to be already doing all the type-setting on two weeklies published in San Francisco, but the names of the papers are kept secret, since it would practically mean their ruin if the fact became known, in the excited condition of public feeling at present existing there.

—

A PROMINENT English physician explains Hanlan's wonderful success at the oars on three grounds—namely, that he has brains, and carefully studies his work; that he never goes through the absurdities of so-called "training;" and that he never takes exercise so excessive as to cause exhaustion. There is a hint here for other professions besides rowing.

—

WHEN a Missouri man presented himself as a delegate to the General Conference of the Southern Methodists in St. Louis, the objection was raised that he had permitted his daughters to give a dancing party in his house. He was finally admitted, however, on the statement of his pastor that he had been reproved, and had acknowledged the fault under proper humiliation.

—

IT is suggested in a Tennessee journal that a better plan than lies in compulsory education is to employ excellent teachers, and to pay them, in addition to their salaries, a percentage on every unwilling or careless child whom they are able to coax into school. It is further suggested that a discount should be imposed on them for every child dropping out of school, and that their salaries should be discontinued if they fail to keep up their schools.

—

STRAW has long been used for the manufacture of paper, and it is now made into lumber of any desired length and width. It holds nails as well as wood, and is susceptible of a higher finish and polish. Like papier mache, it is waterproof, and can therefore be used for external as well as internal purposes. Samples resemble hard wood, nearly as dark as oak, but more dense in texture, and with a specific gravity one-fifth more than that of black walnut. It is cheaper than wood, and will in the future largely take its place in building.

—

TRICHINAE continues to give a surprising amount of trouble in Germany. Inspectors have been appointed in every district, stringent rules are in force for the microscopic examination of pork, and negligence or evasion of the law is severely punished. Nevertheless the sale of infected meat, often with fatal results, is a thing of frequent occurrence in all parts of the country. If American pork were half as liable to be infected with trichinæ as that raised in Germany, it would not be admitted into a single European port. By comparison, the American meat, free as it is from Government inspection, is singularly pure.

—

THE spirit of competition in New York and elsewhere has at last been powerful enough to stir even the druggists, much to the astonishment of buyers accustomed to their charges, and knowing something of their large profits. Several have created no little stir in their way by marking down prices so that their medicines are within reach of those possessing only ordinary purse. What the regular guild of druggists, maintaining the old "gilt-edged prices," think of them may be easily imagined. In the ordinary medicines usually kept in every household—such as camphor, paregoric, peppermint, etc., the new departure gives four or five times as much for a given price as is given by other druggists. The general profits of the druggist are enormous. In creating competition in this field chemists are rendering an immeasurable service to the poor, and as surely finding their reward.

—

A HORRIBLE timing of the burial service took place at a recent exection in London. To place a strap around the culprit's legs and a white cap over his face and adjust the noose, occupied but a second or two, and during the proceedings the chaplain continued to read the Burial Service, all the time standing with his back to the rope, and shielding his eyes with his hands from the sight of the gallows. When the words "Blessed be the name of the Lord" were uttered, the condemned man appeared to make a slight bow, and the words "In the midst of life we are in death," uttered just before the cap was placed over his head, seemed to strike him with a deadly chill. It was the utterance of the words, "Suffer us not at our last hour for any pains of death to fall from Thee," that Marwood, the executioner, stepped aside, drew the lever, and released the drop. He had allowed a drop of about nine feet, and when the bolt was drawn the convict died without a struggle.

—

THE Longfellow Memorial Association, in order to provide some lasting memorial which shall testify to future generations the tender respect in which his contemporaries held the dead poet, hopes to raise enough money to secure that part of Mr. Longfellow's grounds which lies between the house and the river, there to erect an enduring memorial to Mr. Longfellow, and to keep the spot, doubly ripe in associations, forever open to the people. It is also included within the plans of the Association to provide for the permanent preservation of the house, should it ever pass out of the possession of the family of Mr. Longfellow. In order to accomplish this, or to erect some other public and appropriate memorial near the scenes of the poet's life, this Association calls for a National subscription. It asks for contributions of one dollar each, for which a certificate of honorary membership in the Association will be given. Contributions should be sent to John Bartlett, treasurer, P. O. Box 1500, Boston, Mass. James Russell Lowell is President of the Association, and Holmes, Whittier, and many other leading men of the country are members.

—

ACCORDING to the London *Times*, a major of the King's Royal Rifles has invented and patented in England, and on the Continent, a spade to meet the requirements of the authorities—first, that it shall render men independent of any ground; secondly, that it shall cut roots; thirdly, that it shall be able to lever up stones; fourthly, that it shall be useful in camp life, and, if necessary, be capable of breaking open boxes of ammunition or provisions; fifthly, that it shall be able to loophole a wall; and sixthly, that it shall combine lightness and durability. The tool may be described generally as a small pick-head, about seven inches long, formed by steel armoring which surrounds a wooden crutch-head, and is securely fastened by rivets and screws both to the crutch and to the handle, which are of ash. One end is a pick, the other a grubber, both of solid steel. The blade is of peculiar shape, flat at the bottom for cutting purposes, and hollow in the upper portion. A protection guards the knuckles and forms a fulcrum when the tool is being used as a lever. The length over all is twenty-three inches, and the weight is only two and a quarter pounds. The tool is also specially useful for military mining purposes, when men have to work with spade and pick in confined spaces; and it would be a very formidable weapon of defense at close quarters.

—

RUSKIN, the famous English writer, gives the following advice to young ladies: "Resolve to do each day something useful in the vulgar sense. Learn the economy of the kitchen, and good and bad qualities of every common article of food, and the simplest and best modes of their preparation; help poor families in their cooking, show them how to make as much of everything as possible, and how to make their niceties; coaxing and tempting them into tidy and pretty ways, and pleading for well-folded tablecloths, however coarse, and for a flower or two out of the garden to strew on them. One should at the end of every day be able to say, as proudly as any peasant, that she had not eaten the bread of idleness. Get quit of the absurd idea that Heaven will interfere to correct great errors, while allowing the law to take its own course in punishing small ones. If food is carelessly prepared, no one expects Providence to make it palatable; neither, if through years of folly you misguide your own life, need you expect Divine interference to bring around everything at last for the best. I tell you positively, the world is not so constituted. The consequences of great mistakes are just as sure as those of small ones, and the happiness of your whole life, and of all the lives over which you have power, depends as literally on your common sense and discretion as the excellence and order of a day."

OUR NUMERATION.

BY W. B. W.

In our twenties—and the blossoms
  Drifted by in fragrant snow;
Skies were blue, and we together
  Chose the path that we should go.
Violets bloomed and grasses nodded,
  Springing by our lingering feet;
And we laughed and kissed each other,
  Singing gaily, "Life is sweet."

In our thirties—crimson berries
  Blushed 'neath emerald banners bright
Royal orchids veiled their purple
  From the careless seeker's sight,
Solemn forest shades around us
  Both our voices strangely stilled;
But we closer drew together,
  Hands with sylvan treasures filled.

In our sixties—open meadows
  Now beguile our wandering feet;
Memory's orchids, forest, blossoms,
  Fields and skies are ever sweet,
But we best love aster's sapphires,
  And lobelia's spikes of flame;
While our hearts, like autumn's maples,
  Burn and glow, for each, the same.

In our eighties—we have cheated
  Frost and fled before the snow;
In a southern clime we're waiting
  Till our King shall bid us go.
Resting here, beneath the palm trees,
  By the sweet breathed myrtles fanned,
'Tis not long, our second spring time,
  'Tis not far, the morning land.

After Long Years.

BY HAROLD W. INGALLS.

I AM sorry, Harry. I thought you knew all about it, and that your kindness to me was prompted by pure friendship. You do not blame me, do you?"

Harry Kenyon gazed an instant regretfully into the sweet, though troubled face of the speaker; then he caught her hand impulsively and wrung it until she could have cried out for pain—so passionate was his earnest pressure.

"No, Katie, I don't find any fault with you. It was my own hopes that deceived me. Now I think of it, you have acted towards me like a sister—not like a girl in love. Heaven bless you and make you happy with the man you have chosen to be your husband."

A sudden startled look in Katie's eyes caused him to relinquish her hand and turn to see what had caused the change of expression.

A young man had opened the door, and pausing on the threshold, now stood regarding them with a look of mingled surprise and anger.

"Is it you, Dick?" Harry said. "I thought by Katie's face it was a less welcome intruder."

Then he turned to Katie—

"Good-bye, and remember what I have just said. If you ever want a friend, just let Harry Kenyon know and he'll come to you through fire and water."

Then he brushed past the newcomer, in his disappointment and agitation hardly giving him another glance.

Dick made a motion as though he would restrain him, but seemed to take a second thought, and stood watching him with a baleful look in his black eyes.

Then he caught Katie by the arm.

"Answer me a question, and answer truly, my girl, or you'll rue it," he said; "was that fellow making love to you.

Something in her lover's face made Katie hesitate before answering.

She knew of his vindictive, passionate temper, although to her, until now, he had ever been as gentle as a lamb.

Indeed, it had been the main source of his attraction to her—the idea that one so rough and unmanageable in other hands should be so ductile in her own.

Her hesitation now was for Harry's sake.

She did not wish to have any harm come to the fair faced boy whose only offence consisted in having placed his affections upon one who was already betrothed to another.

But her momentary delay in answering was sufficient to inflame Dick's anger to an ungovernable point.

He had seen Harry holding her hand, and had imagined his eager words to be the outpouring of passion, instead of a renunciation of his hopes.

His face paled too the very lips.

"I see how it is," he hissed through his half-closed teeth; "that baby-cheeked lad has come with his citified ways and won away my treasure. I'll have my revenge upon you both."

As he spoke, he put his hand into one inside pocket of his coat and drew forth a pistol, cocked it, and was rushing madly out of the door, intending, it was evident, to follow Harry and shoot him.

But Katie was to quick for him.

Although too frightened to speak, she caught him by the arm, and arrested his frantic pursuit, trying to force the words that would explain all satisfactorily from her stiff lips.

But they refused to obey her bidding.

It was as though they had been paralyzed.

"Then, if you will interfere between me and my just anger, take the consequences! If you do not love me, you shall not make any one else happy, as I am yet a living man!"

A pistol shot rang out through the room, and poor innocent Katie was its target.

Without a moan she sank down, all the color fading out from her pretty face, and leaving it as white as the snow that covered the wintry landscape that held the earth in icy mantle.

When the infuriated man saw what he had done, he stood for an instant looking down at his victim.

Then he turned the muzzle of his pistol towards his own heart, and, without a word, emptied the remaining barrel into it.

The sound of the first shot had reached Harry's ears, and while pausing instinctively to discover from what direction it came, he heard the second.

Could it be from the cottage?

He hastened back, and this was the terrible sight that confronted him—extended upon the floor lay the two, to all appearance, lifeless bodies of those whom he had but just left in the prime of health and strength.

The cottage was a lonely one, situated at quite a distance from any other dwelling.

But the young man knew that Katie's father and brother were usually at work in the wood lot, getting the cord-wood ready, which they were to draw to market as soon as winter was over.

He caught up the huge dinner-horn which hung by the side of the door, and gave two or three resounding blasts upon it which he felt sure would bring help.

Then he lifted Katie, with reverent tenderness, and laid her on the lounge.

The pistol in Dick's hand told its own story, as did also the mingled expression of anger and horror which still rested upon his face, and Harry shrank from touching him—the murderer and suicide, so he let him lay as he had fallen.

It was not long before the father and brother came hastening home, with a mingling of surprise and alarm upon their faces, for at this untimely hour the blowing of the horn was a danger-signal.

Harry met them at the door, and told them what had happened, in a few brief words; then he hurried away to bring the doctor.

About a half-mile from the cottage lived a middle-aged widow woman, who had quite a reputation as a nurse in the sparsely settled country neighborhood.

Harry paused at the door long enough to enlist her sympathies, and then hastened on.

As good fortune would have it, the doctor was at home, though just making ready for a visit to a patient over the mountains.

But this was evidently a case of extreme need, so he returned at once with Harry.

Dick's pistol had done its work upon himself well.

He was shot through the heart, and death had followed almost instantly.

But life was not extinct in Katie, although it was long before she came out of the state of unconsciousness which was so like death as to deceive all but the more experienced doctor.

She had received but a slight flesh wound.

The bullet had grazed her side, and had then buried itself in the wall.

But the shock had unhinged those delicate portals which swung between reason and the delusions born of a disordered brain, and for weeks she lay hovering upon the confines of the unknown world, battling with the delirium engendered by a brain-fever.

During this trying period she was watched over as tenderly by the kind-hearted Widow Patten as though she had been her own child, and at last the fever was conquered.

But the vital forces were at such a low ebb that it was still a question as to whether life or death would prove the victor.

After a few days, however, the scales gradually turned towards recovery.

But she could not bear the sound of a footstep near her, excepting that of her gentle nurse.

At last she grew strong enough to say a few words at a time.

Then she sent a message to Harry.

"Tell him," she said, slowly, and with difficulty, her voice now and then failing from weakness, "tell him to go away so far from her that I will never expect to see him upon this earth again.

"He is not to blame, but every time I think of him I see Dick, ghastly and bloody, standing beside him.

"If he does not go away, it will drive me mad!"

Harry heard the message, and obeyed.

Within the week he was on his way to the gold regions—a broken-hearted man, caring not what might happen to him on the journey.

But by one of those caprices of fortune, of which we often hear, the indifferent seeker after her golden gifts was the favored winner of them.

Harry's mine proved one of the richest in the country, and his name came to be numbered among the mining kings of the age.

But to return to Katie.

After awhile she regained her former strength, and, if anything, more than her former beauty.

There was a pleading sweetness about her expression which drew all hearts towards her.

Her brother married and brought a young wife home.

Then Katie felt that she could carry out a plan which had become the chief desire of her heart.

Ella could step into her place in the cottage and minister to the comfort of her father and brother, and she could be spared for the work of mercy which called her forth with such a dominant voice.

Though innocent, she had caused the shedding of human blood.

She would atone for it by trying to save life from henceforth.

She soon became widely known through the valley as the ministering spirit of the sick and sorrowful.

The more dangerous the case, the more eager was she to try what her skill could accomplish.

Thus it went on for ten years.

The maiden of sixteen summers had matured into the thoughtful woman of twenty-six.

In her work of mercy, peace had gradually come to her, and she had learned to look at the past with clearer eyes, and to realize that the punishment of banishment, which she had forced upon Harry, was only the fruit of a morbid feeling which had possessed her mind that all must suffer for a sin which one alone had committed.

She had grown to think of kindly and pityingly, and would have unhesitingly extended the hand of friendship to the "poor boy"—as he she ever designated him in her thoughts—had she met him.

So her life flowed on in a current which brought healing to many a suffering body, and oftentimes to the sick soul it harbored.

One morning she received an early call from the proprietor of the "Valley Inn," the sole place of entertainment for miles round.

The worthy landlord was in a state of great perplexity and excitement.

"Miss Grey," he began, nervously fingering the topmost button on his coat, "I've come to you on behalf of a stranger, who's been taken down at my place.

"I know nothing at all about the man, as he only got there last night, and could hardly stand then for weakness, and this morning I found him a-raving like mad.

"But I know that'll make no difference to one like you, who never asks if it's friend or enemy; so I made a run to get here as soon as possible."

"You did perfectly right, Mr. Brown. I will get a few things together and accompany you at once. Has the doctor been sent for?"

"I reckon so. I told Pete to go for him while I made tracks to secure you. Nussing's fust, in my way of thinking."

Accustomed as Katie had been to various kinds of suffering, she had never before had her powers tasked so fully.

Mr. Brown and his sturdy Pete, who was man-of-all-work and Jack-of-all-trades, and good at all, no matter what the old adage may say, were ever ready to believe and assist her.

But the stranger seemed to know the difference in attendance, and it was only Katie's soft touch upon his fevered forehead which could charm away his wild fancies of pursuit and endeavors to escape from imagined dangers.

The pallor of illness had usurped the brown tint which had made him look almost swarthy when Katie first saw him, and it had sharpened the outlines of his features to a womanly delicacy.

So that, had it not been for his long silky beard and mustaches, one would have thought him a lad in his teens as he lay back upon the pillow with his eyes closed, and their long lashes sweeping his pallid cheeks.

Katie sat by the bedside in her plain grey nurse's dress, with a spotless apron relieving its sombre tint.

Her luxuriant hair had been gathered back under a plain little cap, almost the pattern of those worn by widows.

Worn out by incessant watching, she had fallen asleep, when suddenly she was awakened with a start by feeling a touch upon her hand.

She opened her eyes wonderingly, and met an intelligent look from the patient, his first since she had come to nurse him.

He had reached out to touch her with his wasted fingers, and as she now met his glance, said feebly—

"I thought you were, like everthing else, a shadow, but I see you are flesh and blood. What's the matter? How came I here?"

"You have been sick; but are with friends.

"Now you must be contented without talking.

"In due time, when you grow strong, you may talk all you wish. Now you must go to sleep."

And with a contented sigh the sick man drifted off again into slumber.

So it went on for several days.

Alternate sleep and nourishment made up the sum of the patient's life.

Then things changed.

The restless domineering spirit of manhood had re-awakened, and it began to assert itself.

Katie could no longer put a seal upon her charge's lips.

But he was out of danger, so no harm resulted from his wilfulness.

But what think you were his first words? They were——

"Katie, don't you know me?"

And Katie rose to her feet, pale and trembling, and stared at the speaker as though he had been a spectre.

"Who are you?" she asked, with a quiver in her voice, half-fearing, half-hoping what his answer might be.

"I am Harry. I came back to steal a look at the girl I have loved so faithful and true, and then I meant to go away again. But it wasn't to be. Now, Katie, you have saved my life. Don't you think you ought to let past things be forgiven and forgotten, and make that life of some use to me?"

"I never blamed you, Harry, so I have nothing to forgive," said Katie, tremulously.

"Then let bygones be bygones, Katie; and let us turn over a new leaf, now upon the threshold of the new life you have given me a lease of. Be my wife, and I promise you I'll do my best to make you happy."

"I have been an instrument in the hands of God, Harry. You must thank Him for your recovery instead of me."

"I do thank God with all my heart; but I want to thank Him for an even more precious gift. May I? I want you."

So it came about that the two lives whose early years had been so clouded by sorrow, were at last illuminated by the sunshine of faithful love.

For Katie became the wife of him who had loved her so truly through all of those long and weary years of apparently hopeless waiting.

Revenge is Sweet.

BY ANNIE HINTON.

BUT I will tell you, Miss Kate, I am charmed with the place, and with the people," said Dunkin, accepting the rose that the young lady picked and offered him with a little coquettish air.

"I thought you would find it terribly dull. You city-bred gentlemen are apt to consider the country very tame."

"Well, that depends. Nothing could be more agreeable to me, in this instance, than this beautiful garden, with its wealth of roses and lilies, and all laid out with the taste and art that always distinguished my old friend Nashby. Then, too, I am agreeably surprised at finding such—such—pardon me if I say such really delightful company."

This remark was followed by a decidedly sweet look underneath Katie's downcast lashes.

That fair maiden tapped the gravel walk with a little gray gaiter, and shot one of those dangerous side glances, at once so delicious, yet fatal, to a susceptible man.

Dunkin continued—

"When Nashby asked me down here I supposed that I should find him doing the hermit. I like a day or two of solitude occasionally, so I came only to discover something infinitely more to my taste."

"You are too complimentary sir; I shall think you a lady's man if you go on at this rate."

"Please don't, I never was anything of the kind, although I know how to appreciate beauty and excellence when I meet them in the feminine form divine."

Another sweet look.

"That happens rarely?"

"Somewhat rarely, which may account for my happiness on this occasion!"

"Excellent! I am fond of hearing pretty things said."

"Don't make fun of me to-day. I feel uncommonly romantic.

"Do you know I have been wondering what sort of a life I should lead, and how I should enjoy it, if I were to settle down in some country place like this in my own house, with my own garden, and—and, maybe, my own little wife, if I could find some one who truly loved me, and whom I could love in return."

Very dangerous grounds for young people to walk on.

As he spoke he plucked a syringa blossom and gave it to Katie.

She took it, and their fingers meeting, remained locked a moment.

Katie raised her eyes, and returned the strong, deep glance he gave her.

It was more expressively eloquent than either could have been in speech.

"Oh, Mr. Dunkin! Do you know what you have done?"

"I have given you a syringa blossom."

"Yes; but it has another name."

"What?"

"Mock orange."

The thought was subtle, but Dunkin understood.

"Ah! if I only might offer you real orange blossoms."

She hid her face in her hands; and, sinking on one of the many rustic seats that stood about, sobbed audibly, though with an evident desire to conceal her emotion.

"Miss Katie, dear Katie, what have I said—how have I wounded you? Pardon me, for I suffer deeply when I see you suffer."

He sat down with her, supported her head upon his shoulder, and smoothed her soft, chestnut hair.

"No," she murmured; "you are not kind. It was selfish of you. You saw my weakness. I cannot hide a preference, much less a—a——"

The sentence ended in a sob; but Dunkin fancied 'passion' was the word she would have used.

He was surprised at this sudden and intense outburst, although he had been accustomed to make conquests easily.

Handsome as a young man could be, wealthy, achieving an excellent position in the legal and political world, and thoroughly polished in his manners, it was nothing new to him for a woman to be ravishly expressive of affection.

But this was no ordinary girl.

Educated as well as himself, and more celebrated for quick, vivacious esprit than for sentiment, effusion like this was rare with her, if not unheard of.

Then this was the second time they had met.

Nashby had invited Dunkin to visit him, and the invitation had been accepted only the day before.

On Dunkin's arrival, Nashby had presented him to two charming young ladies, saying—

"These are my wife and her sister."

That was all.

He had not pointed out which was which, and Dunkin had been surprised to learn that his old friend was married, and kept so steadily engaged in conversation till bed-

time, that he had no chance to ask questions.

In the morning his breakfast was served in his chamber, in elegant style; and the interview we have just described took place in the garden, where he met Katie when he went to smoke his segar.

Altogether, he could not understand the gushing sort of sentiment which seemed to possess the young lady.

At this moment, when he supported Katie in the most affectionate manner, steps were heard upon the walk which led from the hall door to the garden.

The vines grew so thick about the rustic bench, however, and neither party could see the other.

As these footsteps approached, Katie started up with a look of terror on her face.

"My husband," she cried.

"Your husband?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Nashby!"

And she vanished down the walk.

"The deuce!" said Dunkin.

Nashby appeared fresh and smiling, in a suit of checked linen, with a broad-brimmed straw hat and low walking shoes.

"What," said he, cheerfully, "are you just from bed and breakfast?"

"Just."

"Oh, sluggard! I have had a splendid walk. Been up this hour and a half," he said.

"The original 'early bird,' eh?"

"Yes. By the way, Bridget said Katie was in the garden. Hasn't she been here? I want to see her."

"Yes—no—that is, I believe she was here a minute ago. I spoke to her. I don't know where she went!"

A terribly bungling piece of language for a man of the world, cool and collected, and equal to any emergency; but the fact is, two sharp surprises, one following close upon the other's heels, were too much even for Dunkin's nerves.

Nashby went to look for Katie, and Dunkin finished his segar in a bewildered meditation.

"I have been making a good thing of my trip into the country," he said to himself; "here is Nashby, one of the best fellows alive and an ancient comrade. Here, am I, coming into the bosom of his family like a serpent, to sting his heart to the core. Here is his wife, a beautiful girl—she's hardly a woman yet—smart and delightful in company, but fearfully susceptible. Well, she is in love with me. Heaven bless her, and what am I to do? Why did not Nashby tell me which was his wife, when he presented me? How could I tell? How could I know? By Jove, it seems almost as if there was a conspiracy to keep me from knowing! He treated the other a good deal more like his wife than this one last night. Never mind, I'll run away, and go back to town this very day."

He threw his cigar stump away spitefully, and sauntered into the house.

From the front parlor came the sound of singing and piano music; so he entered and found the other young lady, Miss Susie, practicing a new song.

"Do you sing, Mr. Dunkin?" she asked.

"Very little indeed."

"Play?"

"Still less."

"I should like to hear you."

"No, keep on. Your music is better than mine."

"But I like a variety."

"Well, lest you should think that I only want to be coaxed, I will show you how badly I perform."

He sat down, and did his best, which was excellent.

Then he pulled over the music lying on the piano, and found some duets which they sang together.

Susie admired his voice and touch, and made eyes at him whenever he looked toward her.

In short they became affectionate; and Dunkin received another surprise.

He hoped that their lives might join in years to come, as harmoniously as their voices then.

Susie hesitated, faltered and seemed terribly agitated.

She went about the room to see that nobody was within earshot, and then, drawing him to a sofa, in a corner of the rear parlor, made a strange confession to him.

"I feel I owe you an explanation," she said; "for I can never permit you to repeat these words however much they move my heart."

She was silent for a moment, and then resumed.

"You think that Kate is Mrs. Nashby?" she asked.

"I do, certainly."

"She is not."

"Who is?"

"I am."

"You?"

"Yes."

Dunkin looked bewildered.

"Be secret as the grave. Our parents insisted upon his marrying Katie, but he wished to make me his wife. While they were absent in Europe he wedded me privately, and when he returned he announced that it had taken place, but Katie instead of myself. Of course they were satisfied; and my sister kindly agreed to live here, in order to shield me, until time would prepare our parents for the truth. We say as little about the relationship as possible, and visit very seldom in the neighborhood. Perhaps you observed last night that Nashby did not mention which of us was the wife and which the sister?"

"I did."

"Now you understand. But what shall I say to you? Your words just now have torn my heart with a cruel pang, I thought when I married that I loved my husband, but oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

More weeping. More chestnut hair smoothed tenderly from the temples.

When this little fever had subsided, Dunkin, finding himself in great danger of becoming an idiot in the flower of his youth, told Susie the whole story of his adventure with Katie.

He criminated himself, and offered no excuse for his conduct, save that he had been educated among triflers, and had trifled away his life so long that it was a second nature to him.

Katie had evidently claimed to be Mrs. Nashby to conceal her sister's secret, and the tears she shed were in consequence of being thus compelled to forego Dunkin's love.

"Noble girl!" said Susie, with tears in her eyes; "she is worthy of you, and I am not. If I were, I am not free. Go, take Katie to your heart, and leave me to drag out the wretched life I have chosen."

And Dunkin, wishing that Gabriel's trumpet might interrupt this state of things to announce the last day, returned to the garden, in a condition that eminently fitted him to appear on the stage as a raving maniac; grated window, iron bedstead, water jug, straws in his hair, and all.

He could not bring himself to return to town that day.

Nashby took him sailing on the river in the afternoon, and in the evening they all sat down to a quiet little game of short whist.

The excitement and crush of sensation that Dunkin had that day undergone wearied him so that at eleven o'clock he was glad to be excused and retired to his apartment.

But 'balmy sleep' would not visit him, and he rolled about for half an hour, wakeful and nervous to a painful degree.

"Confound it," said he, "I'll get up and have a segar, perhaps that may soothe my nerves."

It did. He sat at his open window, in the splendid moonlight, looking out upon the garden whence arose all sort of pleasant, dewy odors to join with the romantic fragrance of the full flavored segar he was smoking.

Presently came a sound of voices and footsteps on the verandah underneath.

Nashby and the two young ladies were walking up and down chatting in the liveliest possible manner, considering that there were three broken hearts in the party.

"It is a shame to waste such a beautiful night in sleeping," said Susie.

"Yes," replied Katie's voice; "yet our lady-killer overhead, I dare say, sleeping as soundly as a baby."

"And snoring too, perhaps," Nashby said.

"No," answered Kate; "I don't believe he snores; he is too elegant."

"How does your outrageous plot progress?" asked Nashby.

"Capitally. I made my little confession in the garden this morning, and Susie did hers just afterward in the parlor."

"You are two of the wickedest minxes that ever lived. What would the neighbors say if this was to get blown about? Both passing yourselves off as married to me! Do I look like a bigamist or like a married man at all? Oh, you naughtiest of cousins! if you don't finish up this business in a hurry and apologize to my outraged guest, I will pack you both home again before the week is out."

"Well," said Susie, "I for one don't care. You have committed yourself by helping us at first; and then he has no business to set himself up for an irresistible, fascinating conqueror of hearts. It serves him right, I think."

"Suppose that poor fellow were to go crazy with all this confusion and bewilderment, wouldn't you feel sorry then?"

"Pshaw! There's no danger. When he is thoroughly mystified, we will give him a neat apology, laugh at him a little, and be the best friends in the world."

It may be, my gentle and genial readers, that you can imagine Dunkin's emotions when he heard all this, and found that he had been the victim of Nashby's reckless, sportive cousins, Katie and Susie, who having heard of him as a lady-killer, had determined to lead him a sweet chase, and had done it.

But Dunkin, although the vanity that is inherent with all men and women, may have led him at times to assume some rather too perceptible airs, or the strength of his great popularity with the other sex, was no fool. He knew how to take a joke—even a severe one—especially when the jokers were two charming girls.

"Let those laugh who win," he said; and going to bed he slept soundly.

In the morning his plans were all arranged, and everything done preparatory to the springing of his mine.

I may as well mention in this connection that servant girls are mostly ready to receive small fees.

Bridget, Nashby's housemaid, earned a quarter that morning.

When Susie's breakfast was carried to her, she found a short note upon her plate.

"What is this, Bridget?"

"Oh, miss," said the unblushing domestic, "Mr. Dunkin tould me if I wouldn't give it to you, last night, and I forgot it, shure, mum."

Susie opened the note, wondering.

"Wednesday night.

"Farewell, forever. The strange and sad circumstances of this morning have proved too much for my heart. Forgive me. Think well of me and be happy.

"DUNKIN."

Pale and alarmed, the young girl rushed to her cousin, Nashby, who was already up, and gathering flowers in the garden.

She showed him the note, and he ran off at once to Dunkin's room, cursing the joke that had perhaps been productive of very tragic consequences.

The door was locked on the inside; and just as the terror was at its height, Katie appeared, white as a sheet, with an open letter in her hand.

While the girls locked each other, almost swooning, in their arms, Nashby gave one vigorous blow against the door with his foot and burst it open.

Dunkin lay on the floor, face downward, grasping a small vial in his hand.

Everything in the room was topsy turvy, and the table was strewn with papers.

Katie, with a wild, long-ringing shriek, threw herself upon the apparently lifeless form before her, and gave vent to a storm of broken sobs and words.

"Oh! he is dead—dead! And I—I loved him!"

The lifeless form turned over, arose, lifted Katie up, clasped her closely, kissed her passionately, and then begged her forgiveness.

"The opportunity was too good, I could not help it, I found you out, revenge is sweet, see, you are smiling already. Oh, Katie, tell me that you are not sorry that this has turned out so. If I have been vain and conceited, it is because I did not know what love really was. Now I know, and—and——"

Here Susie and Nashby left the room, so we cannot report the rest of this interesting conversation.

The mystification being over, of course all exchanged neat apologies, laughed at each other a little, and to follow Susie's prediction, became the best friends in the world.

Dunkin having abandoned even the remotest idea of further lady-killing, became very regular in his trips to the country; and not long ago fulfilled his desire, expressed in an early part of this story—that of offering Katie real orange blossoms, which she certainly wore most gracefully at the proper time.

Taming a Coquette.

BY P. P. MYERS.

WHEN I left college I was possessed of one single thought.

And that thought you ask?

Well I'll tell you it—

This thought was of the most unreasonable character.

I wanted to, with my polished manners, Apollo face, make a firmed coquette bend to my bidding like a reed before the wind, and how I succeeded I will relate—

I happened to mention my desire to a personal friend of mine, and he told me of a certain village that possessed the ideal of my heart.

The very village in which I happened to have a little business to attend to.

When I left town that afternoon I left with the determination in my heart that I would conquer that coquette or be a monk the rest of my life.

When I reached the village fortune still further favored me.

There I met one of my old school-mates, who invited me to attend a party that evening with him, and bidding me beware of that adamantine-hearted maid, the village coquette.

It was almost evening when I had got safely encouched in the village inn, and lost no time in preparing for the fete.

I drew on my low patent leathers, over a pair of immaculate silk stockings, shook ambrosial fragrance into my snowy handkerchief, and was off to meet and subdue the all-dangerous siren.

As I passed along the way I thought of nothing save the coquette, and the triumph I had in anticipation.

I argued to myself.

"A parcel of countrymen have been swelling her triumphs with a list of unmeaning and dishonorable captives, and hence her fame.

"Doubtless she is some little, smooth-faced doll, some pert, forward miss, full of airs, and smacking of the boarding school and bread and butter.

"Proud of a bright complexion, and a little money, spoiled by flattery and the want of competition, a creature that would be eclipsed and burst in the blaze of a city soiree."

As I rang the bell at the place of rendezous I murmured—

"Rural belles ought not to be too confident—too saucy."

A few moments more found me sitting by the side of a sweet, modest girl, to whom, in the confusion of a crowd much more numerous and dazzling than I had expected, some one had introduced me in so hurried a manner as to leave each one in ignorance of the other's name.

I looked at her—she was a Venus!

I danced with her—she was a sylph!

I heard her sing—she was an angel!

Absolutely the village coquette was forgot; she had utterly passed from my mind in the seducing loveliness, the simple modest grace, the exquisite air of elegance and propriety which my charming acquaintance exhibited.

At length, I remember, I took my gaze from her countenance and looked around for the object of my former curiosity.

A superbly dressed girl was dancing near us, all feathers, flounces, jewelry, blazing, rustling, laughing loud, smiling on this gentleman, whispering to that one, and suffering a third to hold her hand.

"This is she," I said to myself.

"This is the terror of our country swains. What mistaken ideas of beauty!

"Ah! what coarse, uncultivated taste.

"But 'tis plain they never have seen pictures and statuary.

"They have never read poetry. They are ignorant of true beauty."

Then I withdrew my gaze.

My eyes again rested on the face of my charming friend.

No decorations were there, no tinsel, no gaudy, vulgar solicitations for the crowd's attention; but rather a studied reserve, a classic simplicity, a natural grace and refinement of soul had taught her those true elements of beauty which painters spend their lives in learning.

Her rich hair was parted with a severe absence of ornament, on a head by far the most chasely beautiful in the room.

Her radiant eyes beamed with a tender feeling which made the heart tremble; the subdued and thoughtful expression visible in her countenance resembled the melancholy smile of an autumnal morning, which falls upon the still earth through a silver mist, at once as pleasing as happiness and as sad as sorrow.

A creature so beautiful I had never seen before.

From that moment I, too, believed in broken hearts.

Here was a Shakspearean Juliet, but where the Romeo?

The thought made me turn as if a revelation divine had dawned upon my soul.

A moment afterwards I was called to the dance and asked the pleasure of a waltz with her.

There was a sweet smile upon her plump rosy lips as she replied—

"I have refused three already. I said I was engaged."

Our eyes met.

If love had ever flashed in a glance, I had kindled in the bosom of this angelic creature a flame like that which was every moment burning more ardently in mine.

Our eyes met again.

Wonderful, wonderful orbs to be the touch of such delight! to be the windows through which so much heavenly bliss can be poured in upon the soul!

I took her hand. It was small and white, and soft like nothing else in nature.

Not to press it slightly was as impossible as for the thirsty pilgrim not to drink.

The pressure was returned!

A flood of rapture rolled through my nerves.

Surely some Heavenly power led my steps over enchanted grounds. Every look was language. Every motion delight, every touch eloquence, happiness, love!

"You will not refuse me?"

I said this in a tone soft and low.

I drew her gently, as zephyrs kiss the half-opened flowers, and even as they with bashful reluctance, unfold their leaves and blush to meet the light, so this modest creature yielded to my impulse, and I led her through a dance that seemed a dream, only it was too delicious.

The opportunity was not neglected. I whispered in her ear, I grew bold and saucy, and her fine eyes flashed up to mine with a perfect satisfaction, which told me my conquest was complete.

The dance was over.

An engagement with my friend hurried me away.

"I will see you again soon," I whispered, as I left her.

I strode along the floor like an emperor, and in the height of my triumph I met my friend who had given me so flaming an account of the village coquette.

"Well, my boy," I exclaimed with great suavity of manner, "I have thus far neglected to be introduced to your wonderful coquette, but I think I could meet her without danger."

"Meet her!" with a look of surprise, "meet her! Why, old fellow, you have been bending over her entranced, an hour by my chronometer. A dozen people have been watching you."

The truth flashed upon me.

I was seized with fear and trembling.

I looked around me.

Twenty grinning faces were bent upon me with the malice of fiends.

"Look here," said my friend, a little afterwards, "You came here to teach a lesson. As the object for which that lesson has not profited by it, learn one yourself."

He guided me to another apartment.

I went like a lamb to the sacrifice.

There, before my eyes, sitting beside, and gayly chatting with another fellow, handsome, like myself, was the coquette.

"He is from the city," said my friend.

Then all the rascals around laughed.

"He's just out of college," said another. Then they all laughed again.

I heard the gentleman ask her to dance.

"I have refused six," said she, with the same sweet smile she had given me.

"But you will dance with me?"

And off they went sure enough.

All the evening until I left they were together.

They were one and inseparable, so they seemed.

The next day I learned they were engaged. A week later and they were married.

The funniest part of the above narrative is, that I have since lost all desire to tame a coquette.

A New Haven man smokes several cigars a day throughout every even year, but in the odd years not one from January first to December last. This is without inconvenience, and is a habit of fifteen years' standing.

—WAR. WAR.—

WAR ON THE WASH-BOILER. WAR ON FILTHY FUMES OF STEAM.

A GOD-SEND TO OVERWORKED HOUSEKEEPERS and SERVANT-GIRLS.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS HAS ATTENDED THE INTRODUCTION OF

The Frank Siddalls Soap

IT HAS MADE A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION IN THOUSANDS OF HOMES.

IT HAS BEEN DECLARED by EDITORS and HOUSEKEEPERS to be one of the MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES of our Time.

And the "POST" now has the pleasure of telling its readers about its being a Labor saving Invention destined to afford wonderful relief to over-worked women and servant-girls. It is as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor. *The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes* is better and easier than the old way, and it will answer both for the finest laces and garments and the coarser clothing of the humbler classes. It is a cheap Soap to use, and a few minutes' time on the part of a Housekeeper of ordinary intelligence is all that is necessary to show the washwoman how to use it, and every Housekeeper should insist on its being used *one time* EXACTLY BY THE DIRECTIONS.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP and THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF REFINEMENT.

A person of Refinement will be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF INTELLIGENCE.

A person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in following directions which are so easy that a child could understand them.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF HONOR.

A person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to send for an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

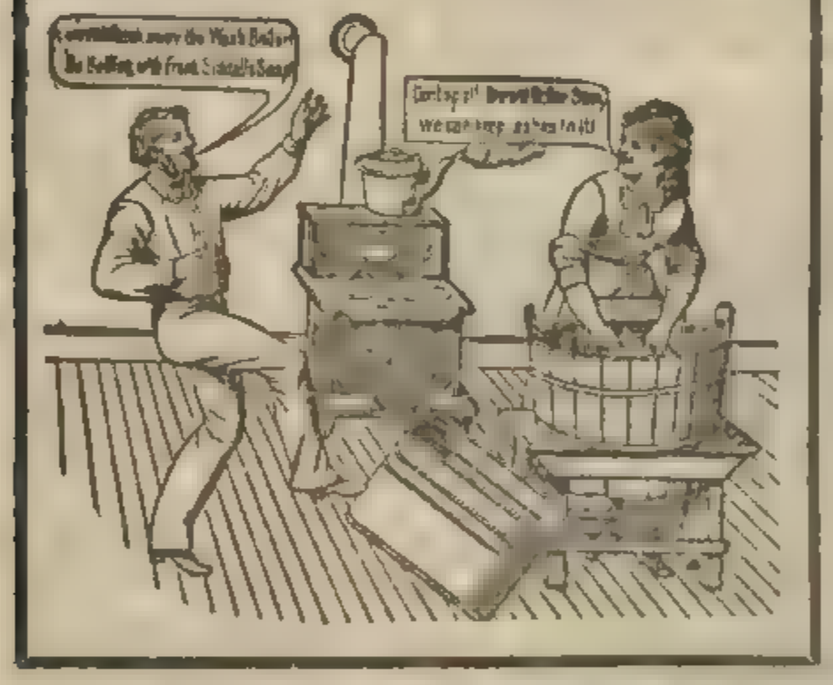
HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE PERSON.

A sensible person will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

JUST THINK! NO STEAM TO SPOIL THE FURNITURE AND WALL-PAPER!

DONT FORGET TO TRY THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP FOR THE TOILET, THE BATH, AND FOR SHAVING. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant, and infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores, which other soap often causes. EVEN A PERSON OF ORDINARY INTELLIGENCE WILL KNOW FOR CERTAIN that the long-continued use of a Soap that is excellent for washing children CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE MOST DELICATE ARTICLE WASHED WITH IT, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any humbug about it.



HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY, where it is not Sold at the Stores.

1st.—Send 10 Cents in Money or Stamps.
2d.—Say in her letter she saw the advertisement in the "POST"
3d.—Promise that the Soap shall be used THE FIRST WASH-DAY after she gets it; that it shall be used ON THE WHOLE WASH, and that ALL THE DIRECTIONS, even the most trifling, shall be followed.

Make your Promise VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

Those who send for a Cake must NOT send for any for their friends. Let each family who want the Soap send for themselves.

Now by return mail a full-size 10-cent Cake of Soap will be sent, POSTAGE PREPAID. It will be put in a neat iron box, so as to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in postage-stamps have to be put on. This is done because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen out to sell to the Stores.

Of course, only one Cake will be sent to each person, but after trying it the Stores will then send for it to accommodate you, if you want it.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS IMPROVED WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

EASY AND LADYLIKE; SENSIBLE PERSONS FOLLOW THESE RULES EXACTLY, OR DONT BUY THE SOAP.

The Soap washes freely in Hard Water. Dont use Soda or Lye. Dont use Borax or Ammonia. Dont use any thing but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. It answers for the Finest Laces, Calico, Lawns, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for soiled clothing of Butchers, Blacksmiths, Mill Hands and Farmers.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea kettle; the wash water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. *Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.* A wash-boiler standing unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in the Soap. Wash the white flannels with the other white pieces.

The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour, *and let the Soap do its work.*

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the washboard and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds. Any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows:—Wash each piece lightly on the washboard through the rinse-water, (without using any more Soap,) and see that all the dirty suds are got out. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

NEXT the blue-water, which can either be lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any blueing, for this Soap takes the place of blueing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until it gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

Always make the blue-water soapy, *and the less blueing the better.* The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet indoors as out in the air and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. *After rinsing the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces.*

☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement, and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, No. 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

MIRRAM.

THE STORY OF A CAT.

MIRRAM; that was the name of pussy. It appears a strange one, I admit; but you see there is nobody accountable for it except the little cat herself, for she it was who named herself Mirram.

I don't mean to say that pussy actually came to her little mistress, and said in as many words, "Mirram is a very pretty name, and I should like to be called Mirram.

"Call me Mirram, please, won't you?"

For cats don't talk nowadays, except in fairy tales; but this is how it was.

She was the most gentle and kindly-hearted wee puss, I believe, that ever was born, and if you happened to meet her anywhere, say going down the garden walk, she would look lovingly up in your face, holding her tail very erect in head, and "Mirram" she would say.

You see, "Mirram" was the only English word, if it be English, that pussy could speak, and she made it do duty on every occasion: so no wonder she came to be called Mirram.

If she were hungry she would jump upon your knee, and gently rub her shoulders against you and say, "Mirram."

"Mirram" in this case might be translated as follows: "Oh, please, my dear little mistress, I am so hungry! I've been up ever since five o'clock this morning. With the exception of a bird which I found and ate, feathers and all, and a foolish little mouse, I've had no breakfast. Do give me a little milk."

This would be an appeal that you couldn't resist, and you would give her a saucerful of nice new milk, telling her at the same time that it was very naughty of her to devour poor birds, who come and cheer us with their songs both in winter and in summer.

Another morning she would come hopping in through the open window, when you least expected her, and say Mirram in the most kindly tone.

This would, of course, mean, "Good morning to you. I'm glad to see you downstairs at last.

"I've been up and out ever since sunrise.

And oh! such fun I've been having. You can't conceive what a time-darling it is, and what a treat it is to rise early.

And now, having introduced this little puss to you by name, I must tell you something about her parentage, and say a word or two about the place she lived in, and her life in general, and after that show you how pussy at one time came to grief on account of a little fault she had.

Of course, we all have our faults, which we should strive to conquer, and I may as well confess at once what Mirram's was. Well, it was thoughtlessness.

The first and the chief of pussy's playmates, then, was her child-mistress.

Would you like to know what her name was?

I will tell you with pleasure; and when you hear it I'm sure you will say it is a strange one.

She had two Christian names—the first was Fredabel, the second was Inez, Fredabel Inez (the latter being Spanish).

"But," you will say, "is Fredabel Spanish too, because I never heard of such a name before?"

No, I am quite sure you never did; for this reason; no child was ever called by that name before, the fact being that her papa invented the name for her, as it was the only way he could see to get out of a dilemma, or difficulty.

And here was the dilemma. When pussy's mistress was quite a baby, her two aunts came to see her, and they had no sooner seen her than they both loved her very much, so they both went one morning into her papa's study, and the following conversation took place:

"Good morning, brother," said one aunt. "I love your baby very, very much, and I want you to call her after me, her first name, mind you—and when she grows up she won't lose by it."

Well, when baby's papa heard both the aunts speak like this, he was very much perplexed, and didn't know what to do, because he didn't want to offend either the one aunt or the other.

But after a great deal of cogitation, he possessed himself of a happy thought, or rather, I should say, a happy thought took possession of him.

You see the name of the one aunt was Freda, and the name of the other was Bella, so what more natural than that baby's papa should compound a name for her between the two, and call her Fredabel.

So he did, and both aunts were pleased and merry and happy.

But at the time our tale begins baby hadn't grown up, nor anything like it: she was just a little child of not much over four years old.

Now, as the one aunt always called her Freda and the other Bella, and as everybody else called her Eenie, I think we had better follow everybody else's example, and call her Eenie, too.

Was Eenie pretty, did you ask? Yes she was pretty, and, what is still better than being pretty, she was very kind and good. So no wonder that everybody loved her.

She had a sweet, lovely face, had Eenie. Her hair, that floated over her fair shoulders, was like a golden sunbeam; her eyes were blue as the bluest sky, and large and liquid and love-speaking, and when she looked down her long dark eyelashes rested on cheeks as soft as the blossom of peach or apricot.

Yet she was merry withal, merry and bright and gay, and whenever she laughed, her whole face was lighted up and looked as lovely as sunrise in May.

I have said that Eenie was good and kind and so she was; good and kind to every creature around her.

She never tormented harmless insects, as cruel children do, and so all creatures seemed to love her in return; the trees whispered to her, the birds sang to her, and the bees told her tales.

That was pussy Mirram's mistress then; and it was no wonder Mirram was fond of her, and proud to be nursed and carried about by her.

Mind you, she would not allow any one else to carry her.

If anybody else had taken her up, puss would have said, "Mirram!" which would mean, "Put me down, please; I've got four legs of my own, and I much prefer to use them."

And if the reply had been, "Well, but you allow Eenie to handle and nurse you," pussy would have answered and said:

"Isn't Eenie my mistress, my own dear mistress?

"Could any one ever be half so kind or careful of me as she is?

"Does she ever forget to give me milk of a morning, or to share with me her own dinner and tea?

"Does she not always have my saucer filled with the purest, freshest water? and does she forget that I need a comfortable bed at night?

"No; my mistress may carry me as much as she pleases, but no one else shall."

Now Mirram was a mighty hunter, but she was also very fond of play; and when the dogs were in the kennels on very bright sunshiny days, and her little mistress was in the nursery learning her lessons, as all good children do, Mirram would have to play alone.

She wasn't afraid of the bright sunshine, if the dogs were; she would race up into a tall apple-tree, and, laying herself full length on a branch, blink and stare at the great sun for half an hour at a time.

"Oh!" she would cry, "this resting and looking at the sun is very lazy work. I must play.

"Let me see, what shall I do? Oh! I have it; I'll knock an apple down—then, hurrah! for a game of ball."

And she would hit a big apple, and down it would roll on the broad gravel-path; and down pussy would go, her face beaming with fun; and the game that ensued with that apple was quite a sight to witness.

It was lawn-tennis, cricket, and football all in one.

Then, when quite tired of this, she would thrust the apple under the grass for the mice to make their dinner of, and off she would trot to knock the great velvety bees about with her gloved paw.

She soon tired of this though, because she found the bees such serious fellows.

She would hit one, and knock it, maybe, a yard away; but the bee would soon get up again.

"It is all very well for you, Miss Puss," the bee would say, "your life is all play, but I've got work to do, for I cannot forget that, brightly though the sun is shining now, before long cold dismal winter will be here, and very queer I should look if I hadn't laid up a store of nice honey to keep me alive."

And away the bee would go, humming a tune to himself, and Mirram would spy a pair of butterflies floating high over the scarlet-runners, but not higher than Mirram could spring. She couldn't catch them, though.

"No, no, Miss Puss," the butterflies would say; "we don't want you to play with us. We don't want any third party, so please keep your paws to yourself."

And away they would fly.

Then perhaps Mirram would find a toad crawling among the strawberry-leaves.

"You're after the fruit, aren't you?" Pussy would say, touching it gently on the back. "I wouldn't touch a strawberry for the world; the gardener put me here to catch the slugs; he couldn't get on without me at all."

"Well, go on with your work, Mr. Toad," she would reply; "I'm off."

And what a glorious old garden that was for pussy to play in, and for her mistress to play in!

A rambling old place, in which you might lose yourself, or, if you had a companion, play at hide-and-seek till you were tired.

And every kind of flower grew here, and every kind of fruit and vegetable as well; just the kind of garden to spend a long summer's day in.

Never mind though the day was so hot that the birds ceased to sing, and sat panting all agape on the apple-boughs—so hot that the very fowls forgot to cackle or crow, and there wasn't a sound save the hum of the myriads of insects that floated everywhere around, you wouldn't mind the heat, for wasn't there plenty of shade, arbors of cool foliage, and tents made of creepers?—and oh! the brilliancy of the sunny marigolds, the scarlet clustered geraniums, the larkspurs, purple and white, and the crimson-painted linums.

No, you wouldn't mind the heat; weren't there strawberries as large as eggs and as cool as ice?

And weren't there trees laden with crimson and yellow raspberries?

And weren't the big lemon-tinted gooseberries bearing the bushes groundwards with the weight of their sweetness, and praying to be pulled? A glorious old garden indeed!

But see, the dogs have got out of their kennels, and have come down the garden walks on their way to the paddock, and pussy runs to meet them.

"What! dogs in a garden?" you cry. Yes; but they weren't ordinary dogs, any more than it was an ordinary garden.

They were permitted to stroll therein, but they were trained to keep the walks, and smell, but never touch the flowers.

They roamed through the rosery, they rolled on the lawn, they even slept in the beautiful summer-houses; but they never committed a fault—that is to say, when pears and apples dropped from the trees, they were permitted, and even encouraged, to eat their fill of the fruit.

And they made good use of their privilege, too.

These were pussy's playmates all the year round—the lumbering black Newfoundlands, the princely boarhounds, the beautiful collies, and the one little rascal of a Scottish terrier.

You never met the dogs without also meeting Mirram, whether out in the country roads or at home, on the lea or in the paddock; she pulled daisies to throw at the dogs in summer, and in winter she used to lie on her back, and in mere wantonness pitch pellets of snow at the great boarhound himself.

The dogs all loved her. Once, when she was out with the dogs on a common, a great snarly bulldog came along, and at once ran to kill poor Mirram.

You should have seen the commotion that ensued.

"It is our cat," they all seemed to cry, in a kind of canine chorus. "Our cat—our cat—our cat!" And they all ran to save her.

No, they didn't kill him, though the boarhound wanted to; but the biggest Newfoundland, a large-hearted fellow, said, "No, don't let us kill him, he doesn't know any better; let us just refresh his memory."

So he took the cur, and trailed him to the pond and threw him in; and next time that dog met Mirram he walked past her very quietly indeed!

Mirram loved all the dogs about the place; but I think her greatest favorite was the wee wire-haired Scottish terrier.

Perhaps it was because he was about her own size, or perhaps it was because he was so very ugly that she felt kind a pity for him.

But Miriam spent a good deal of time in his company, and they used to go trotting away together along the lanes and the hedges, and sometimes they wouldn't return for hours, when they would trot home again, keeping close cheek-by-jowl, and looking very happy and very funny.

Broom this little dog had been called, probably in a frolic, and from some fancied resemblance between his general appearance and the hearth-brush.

His face was saucy and impudent, and sharp as needles; his pair of ears cocked up, and his tiny wicked-looking eyes glanced from under his shaggy eyebrows, as if they had been boatman-beetles.

I don't think Broom was ever afraid of anything, and very important the little dog and pussy looked when returning from a ramble.

They had secrets of great moment between them, without a doubt.

Perhaps, if her mistress had asked Miriam where they went together, and what they did, Mirram would have replied in the following words:

"Oh! you know, my dear mistress, we go hunting along the hedgerows and by the ponds, and in the dark forests, and we meet with such thrilling adventures! We capture moles, and we capture great rats and frightful hedgehogs, and Broom is so brave he will grapple even with a weasel; and one day he conquered and killed a huge polecat! Yes, he is so brave, and nothing can ever come over me when Broom is near."

Now, no one would have doubted that, in such a pretty pleasant country home as hers, with such a kind mistress, and so many playmates, pussy Mirram would have been as happy as ever a pussy could be.

No she was, as a rule; but not always, because she had that one little fault—thoughtlessness.

Ah! those little faults, how often will they not lead us into trouble!

I don't say that pussy ever did anything very terrible to cause her mistress grief. She never did eat the canary, for instance.

But she often stopped away all night, and thus caused little Eenie much anxiety.

Pussy always confessed her fault, but she was so thoughtless that the very next moonlight night the same thing occurred again, and Mirram never thought while she was enjoying herself out of doors, that Eenie was suffering sorrow for her sake at home.

On the flat roof of a house where Mirram often wandered in the moonlight was a tiny pigeon-hole, so small she couldn't creep in to save her life even, but from this pigeon-hole a bonnie wee kitten used often to pop out and play with Mirram.

Where the pigeon-hole led to, or what was away beyond it, pussy couldn't even conjecture, though she often watched and wondered for hours, then put in her head to have a peep, but all was dark.

Perhaps, when she was quite tired of wondering, and was just going to retire for the night, the little face would appear, and Mirram would forget all about her mistress in the joy of meeting her small friend.

Then how pleased Mirrim would look, and how loudly she would purr, and say to the kitten:

"Come out, my dear, do come out, and you shall play with my tail."

But it was really thoughtless of Mirram, and just a little selfish as well, not to at once let kittie have her tail to play with; but no.

"Sit there, my dear, and sing to me," she would say.

Kittie would do that for just a little while.

Very demure she looked, but kittens can't be demure long, you know; and then there would commence the wildest, maddest, merriest game of romps between the two that ever was seen or heard of; but always when the fun got too exciting for her, kittie popped back again into her pigeon-hole, appearing again in a few moments in the most provoking manner.

What nights these were for Mirram, and how pleasantly they were spent, and how quickly they passed, perhaps no one but pussy and her little friend could tell.

When tired of romping and running, like two feline madcaps, Mirrim would propose a song, and while the stars glittered overhead, or the moon shone brightly down on them, they would seat themselves lovingly side by side and engage in a duet.

Now, however pleasant cats' music heard at midnight may appear to the pussies themselves, it certainly is not conducive to the sleep of any nervous invalid who may happen to dwell in the neighboring houses, or very soothing either.

Mirram found this out to her cost one evening, and so did the kitten as well, for a window was suddenly thrown open not very far from where they sat.

"Ah!" said Mirram, "that is sure to be some one who is delighted with our music, and is going to throw something nice to us."

Alas! alas! the something did come, but it wasn't nice. It took the shape of a decanter of water and an old boot.

One night pussy Mirram had stayed out very much longer, and Eenie had gone to bed crying, because she thought she would never, never see her Mirram more.

Thoughtless Mirram! At that moment she was once again on the roof, and the kittie's face was at the pigeon-hole. Mirram was sitting up in the most coaxing manner possible.

"Come out again," she was saying to kittie, "come out again. Do come out to——"

She didn't see that terrible black cat stealing up behind; but she heard the low threatening growl, and sprang round to confront her and defend herself.

The fight was fierce and terrible while it lasted, and poor Mirram got the worst of it. The black cat had well-nigh killed her.

"Oh!" she sobbed, as she dropped bitter, blinding tears on the roof—"oh, if I had never left my mistress! Oh, dear! oh, dear whatever shall I do?"

You see Mirram was very sad and sorrowful now; but then, unfortunately, the repentance came when it was too late.

ARION.

AN EXUBERANCE OF BUGS.—A young traveler, who has just returned from Brazil, repeats the general observation of explorers that the exuberance of insect life is the principal obstacle to the enjoyment of a sojourn in that part of the world. Cockroaches swarm in every house despite the inroads of an army of spiders which sally forth from every crack to prey upon them; scorpions are intrusive and dangerous; a small red insect called the "mocuim" is an intolerable annoyance; at certain hours of the day the air is black with flies and mosquitos; and ants are a universal plague. To battle these last named foes of peace he was obliged to keep his entire collections on hanging shelves the cords of which were soaked in copaiba. "The most destructive ant in Brazil," he says, "is the sauba. It will strip trees of the foliage in a single night, and in many places orange trees cannot be grown for this reason. The tocandeira is a very large ant, the bite of which is poisonous and makes a painful sore. I was once rendered unable to work for a week from a bite received from one of these ants. Some species travel in bodies, marching in straight line and never turning to the right or left. If a house lies in the track of one of these marching bodies, unless they are completely exterminated they will pass through. Nothing will be injured, but every crack and cranny will be explored, and not a spider or a cockroach will survive the visitation. They are, therefore, regarded as friends, and their advent is always welcomed. Go where you will in Brazil, you will meet ants. You live, sleep, and eat with them—and eat them, too."

How pleasant it is to gaze on the innocent amusement of babyhood! There is little Johnny playing bo-peep with the newly painted door. He draws his sturdy fingers over the moist surface, making arabesques and undecipherable hieroglyphics that would set an antiquary into hysterics of joy. Johnny's mouth is said to be stained up by its busy doings from ear to ear, and his face and hands are effectually disguised in the pigment. Happy, careless, innocent childhood! And is not Johnny's mother. How easily she secures her darling! How closely she folds him to her fond embrace! Now she has disappeared with her darling within doors. What are those sounds which assail the ear? It is Johnny's voice. Is he laughing merrily over the remembrance of his late sport? Possibly, but it does not sound like laughter. Again we say, happy, happy childhood!

WEAK LUNGS ARE CRUELLY RACKED by a persistent Cough, which Dr. Jayne's Expectorant may be relied on to cure. It cures also both Asthma and Bronchitis.

Grains of Gold.

Great truths are often said in the fewest words.

Perseverance is the best school for manly virtues.

It is much easier to settle a point than act upon it.

Duty never frowns but upon those who shun her.

What sunshine is to flowers smiles are to humanity.

We are no longer happy as soon as we wish to be happier.

The winner is he who gives himself to his work body and soul.

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.

Let not the stream of your life always be a murmuring stream.

It is upon the smooth ice we slip; the roughest path is safest.

Many secretly seek themselves in what they do, and know it not.

Troubles borrowed and stolen outnumber by far all others in the world.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill.

Sleep is a generous thief; it gives to strength what it steals from time.

Out in the world men show us two sides to their character; by their fireside, only one.

Very many seek knowledge not so much for the truth as for the speculation there is in it.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories; they are strongest for things a long way off.

Knowledge is not what we read, but what we hold; and we are always judged by the use we make of it.

Life is a battle. From its earliest dawn to its latest breath we are struggling with something.

If you desire to win a friend, lend him your money; if you desire to get rid of a friend, ask him for it.

Temperance is reason's girdle and passion's bridle, the strength of the soul and the foundation of virtue.

There is something higher than looking on all sides of a question. It is to have the charity to believe that there is another side.

Of all the riches that we hug, of all the pleasures that we enjoy, we can carry no more out of this world than out of a dream.

How narrow our souls become when absorbed in any present good or ill! It is only thoughts of the future that make them great.

Abusing the body, and keeping it under, are two vastly different things. The former is a great sin, the latter a constant duty.

The road to success is not to be run upon by seven-league boots. Step by step, little by little, bit by bit—that is the way to wealth, wisdom and glory.

Selfishness withers the heart prematurely, and makes a young man old; while a kind beneficent life keeps the heart young and makes old age flourish like a palm tree.

If you wish to mar a friend of a fool, permit him to make a joke at your expense without retorting. Nothing pleases so much as the idea of having "had" a sensible man.

Heaven is the day to which grace is the dawn; the rich, ripe fruit of which grace is the lovely flower; the inner shrine of that most glorious temple to which grace forms the approach and outer court.

Nothing is so good or wholesome as the simple truth; and he who helps us to find out a single and real thing about ourselves, does us a far greater service than he could by indiscriminately undervaluing us.

We can easily manage if we will only take, each day, the burden appointed for it. But the load will be too heavy for us if we add to its weight the burden of to-morrow before we are called to bear it.

Knowledge is not wisdom; it is only the raw material from which the beautiful fabric of wisdom is produced. Each one, therefore, should not spend his days in gathering materials, and so live and die without a shelter.

Independent is he who has no wants which he cannot gratify without the least risk of being overtaken by debt or tempted to dishonor, a man ten times richer, but with twenty times more wants, is, in reality, twice as poor.

There is a sunshine in the mind, a happy temper of disposition, which far outweighs all external advantages, but this sunshine of the mind the man of honor and probity only experiences. No bribe can purchase it for the unjust; no black devices, no mean acts, can pluck it from the upright.

It is not the indolent or the easily worked man that has the necessary amount of leisure for the attainment of some desirable local or general object. It is rather the busy man who, by the careful husbanding of fractions of time which other less thoughtful people would waste, can and does achieve incomparably great and valuable results.

A common sin of housekeepers is worry—worrying for fear the work will not be done, or something may happen for which one is not prepared. Those who will worry will always find enough to worry about. Always think of the work to be done, but the wise housekeeper will have a plan for each day, and follow it as closely as possible.

Do not become self-indulgent. Do not talk about leaving to the young the tasks of life, or about getting out of the way. Get out of nobody's way, and step out and in your own way. Do not step out of the ranks; that is, do not step out of sympathy with the spirit of the age in which you live. Love the young, be young yourself; keep in the line of sympathy and feeling with those who are young. Rejoice with them. Live with them.

Femininities.

Love, like the plague, is often communicated by clothing and money.

The hearts of pretty women are like bonbons wrapped up in enigmas.

Kisses by people who no longer love each other are merely collated yawns.

Mrs. Jesse James announces that anything that may be said about her is not so.

A French idea: When women cannot be revenged, they do as children do—they cry.

It takes a girl about four hours longer to wash the front windows of a house than the back windows.

Woman among savages is a beast of burden; in Asia she is a piece of furniture; in Europe she is a spoiled child.

It is a man's belief that when a woman was made jewels were invented only to make her the more mischievous.

We meet in society many beautiful and attractive women whom we think would make excellent wives—for our friends.

To be "thirsty" is not the right way to say it now that technical terms are fashionable. To "suffer from polydipsia" is the correct thing.

The happiest disposition on record is the woman in this city who smiled when told of her husband's death and who flirted with the undertaker at his funeral.

A Southwark belle, who is soon to be married, started out yesterday to furnish her new home. Her first purchases were a small safe and a corn-popper.

An Italian lady knows forty languages and talks thirty-two, yet when she gets mad, all this knowledge is of no use, for her husband can only understand one of them.

A Massachusetts paper gives utterance to loud-voiced complaints at the depredations committed by well-dressed female pickpockets at recent church fairs in that town.

Two Iowa women pounded a preacher because the head of their family had been expelled from the church. The preacher was a good deal taken back; but the man wasn't.

Necessity is the mother of invention. A city woman, finding it impossible to keep a tidy on an easy chair, has accomplished the same end by sewing it on the back of her husband's dressing gown.

A western young man aged eighteen has eloped with a married woman three scores of years. This æsthetic craze for antiquities is becoming altogether too general, and threatens to cause trouble.

What the Emperor Gustavus admired in the fair Beata was simply that he fancied she liked him, and had the five hundred millions of women who adorn the face of the earth, done the same, he would have felt bound to reciprocate the feeling to all.

The Countess of Blessington, who was almost as wise as she was handsome, has left a few outspoken opinions, of which one is that "Men can pity the wrong inflicted by other men on the gentler sex, but never those which they themselves inflict on women."

"My wife won't even hear of my going to the theatre with another lady," said Johnson. Ragbag didn't seem to construe Johnson's remark aright, for he said, "Won't eh? Don't be too sure of it. I thought my wife wouldn't, but she did, and I had a fearful time about it."

Jones, who possessed no musical ear, was hugely enraptured at the vocal fireworks of a poor singer at a recent concert. "Don't you think she is splendid?" he inquired of a musician near by. "I think she is a glorious screecher," was the truthful response; and Jones was satisfied.

A bride, who was married at her father's farm house in Harford county, Md., last week wore wild flowers at the throat and in the hair. The parlor where the ceremony was performed was decorated with wild flowers only—arbutus, violets, dog-tooth violets and spring beauties.

The case altered:—"Poor little thing," said Mrs. Shuttle. "Here it tells in the paper of a baby seal that lost its mother and went swimming in the great lonely Pacific until some kind sailors picked it up. It's a real touching little story." "Well, you needn't feel bad about it. It wasn't the kind of seals they make fur cloaks from," said Job Shuttle, gruffly. "Oh, then it don't make so much difference," and she turned to review the marriage and death notices.

The bride of a Wisconsin wedding was astonished by receiving from a friend a pair of trousers, with the message:—"Loaned for the part you are to play." The bridegroom construed the garment as an insult, and the guests unanimously agreed that some decisive form of resentment ought to be shown. While the excitement was high, the friend arrived in equal perturbation, and explained that the trousers should have gone to a fellow for wear in an amateur entertainment, while a piece of silverware should have come to the wedding.

It is sometimes amusing to see the trifles that weigh with the great. At a reception of the Diplomatic Corps by the Queen of Italy, the Queen's lady-in-waiting noticed that the train of a member of the Belgian Legation, did not seem as long as etiquette prescribed, and mentioned the fact to the Queen. The Queen sent for the dean of the corps and begged him to ask if the train was of the proper length. The lady sent for her husband, went into an ante-room, took scissors, cut off her train and sent it to the lady-in-waiting, with the request that she would measure the train herself, and let her know the result.

Mary is very kind to her mamma. When her mamma is busy washing the floor, Mary remains at home and performs pretty operatic airs upon the piano to gladden her dear mamma's heart. When her mamma has sewing to do, Mary sits by her side and reads entertaining stories to herself. In short, Mary does everything she can to lighten her mother's toil and make her happy. As the chief delight in life is seeing others happy, Mary gives her mamma every possible opportunity to see happiness in her daughter. Some daughters are so neglectful of their mammas' happiness as to selfishly refrain from piano-playing when there is work to be done.

News Notes.

Cape Colony last year exported $22,500,000 worth of diamonds.

Lace frills are worn around the neck and wrists as much as ever.

New mown hay and putty are two new shades lately brought out.

Stamped gold-figured stockings come to imitate the gold-embroidered ones.

A Bermuda lily, bearing 145 flowers on one stem, is on exhibition in New York.

It is the fashion among the French aristocracy to wear black silk underclothing.

The Saturday Review does not remember a single mention of cats in Holy Writ.

A young man of Seneca, Ks., eloped with the girl his brother was to have married the next day.

At the last elections in France only about 1,000,000 of the 10,000,000 registered voters went to the polls.

Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, Beatrice, is to marry Prince Frederick William of Hesse.

A gentleman of St. Louis named Baby has made application for leave to change his name to Dimsdale.

By the capsizing of a boat recently at Pullman, Ill., a pleasure party of 12 persons were drowned.

The output of coal from the mines of Alabama has increased from 70,000 tons in 1872 to 400,000 tons in 1881.

The present value of the property of the Trinity Church corporation in New York is estimated at $50,000,000.

There has been an immense demand for fine fancy metal candlesticks and fine porcelain and metal oil-lamps this season.

Fewer foreign carpets are sold than formerly, on account of the improved quality of American manufacture in this line.

Mr. Wall, of Nebraska, has eaten 102 eggs at a sitting, and says that sea-sickness is a pleasure compared to some other kinds.

It is said that the Queen of Italy never wears a bonnet in summer if she can help it, covering her head only with a mantilla or veil.

Patrick Troy, being about to die, at Joliet, caused a priest and two friends to carry him out to a shed. There he moved a board aside, and out rolled $3,500.

A Ravenna priest has invented an electrical apparatus by means of which, in case of fire, all the doors of a theatre can be instantaneously and simultaneously opened.

A man in Wayne county, N. Y., is suing a school-teacher for the value of a jack-knife which he took from his son, a pupil in the school, two years ago, and failed to return.

Prof. Vennor predicts a cold and wet summer, to be followed by a winter of exceptionally heavy snow storms and very cold weather. The summer of 1882 will probably be like that predicted for 1882.

The memorial of the bicyclists to the select committee on railways, in England, estimates the number of bicycle riders at 10,000 in London alone, and the total number throughout the British realm at 100,000.

A letter mailed seventeen years ago, was found the other day in the casing of a car which was undergoing repairs in Chicago. It was addressed to a lady in Joliet, Ill., and, being forwarded, found its owner.

The treasury department has been informed that counterfeit $5 gold pieces have made their appearance in Iowa of the dates of 1878 and 1880. They are reported to be well executed, but are of light weight.

Some of the finest walnut trees in the mountains of North Carolina have been sold at $10 each just as they stand in the woods, the purchasers reserving the privilege to take them away within a certain number of years.

While almost exactly two-thirds of the members of the United States House of Representatives are lawyers, in the English House of Commons only 118 out of 658 belong to the legal profession, a trifle over one-sixth.

A young man who was playing billiards in a San Antonio saloon, bet that he could put a billiard-ball in his mouth. He made the attempt, and succeeded; but two surgeons had to work on him for an hour before the ball could be extricated.

A cow with her calf, belonging to Wm. Heath, of Columbus, Ga., stopped at a brook to drink. A large ram that had been standing on the opposite bank, walked up to the cow, gave her a butt square in the forehead, killing her instantly.

On a Sunday evening a watchman in a Troy factory helped his dilatory dog into the building on the toe of his boot. On all week days now the dog enters the factory as usual, but no amount of coaxing can get him anywhere near the building on the Sabbath.

At Oroville, Cal., recently, Mr. J. G. Vanmeter was moving a hive of bees, and it is supposed that a bee flew in his throat, stinging him so that his throat closed. He entered the house, uttering the word "bees," and died from convulsions in a short time.

A little romance in real life occurred in Tacoma, Washington Territory, a few days since, in the marriage of a couple who had been divorced from each other a year or more ago in California. The reconciliation was consummated at the deathbed of an only child, a beautiful boy, the father going at the summons of the mother to assist in nursing him.

If Nearly Dead

after taking some highly puffed up stuff, with long testimonials, turn to Hop Bitters, and have no fear of any Kidney or Urinary Troubles, Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Liver Complaint. These diseases cannot resist the curative power of Hop Bitters; besides, it is the best family medicine on earth.

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A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

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In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, The Dolloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

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Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

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"ANY ONE WILL DO."

A maiden once, a certain age,
To catch a husband did engage;
But having passed the prime of life
In striving to become a wife,
Without success, she thought it time
To mend the follies of her prime.

Departing from the usual course
Of paint, and such like, for resource,
With all her might this ancient maid
Beneath the oak tree knelt and prayed,
Unconscious that a grave old owl
Was perched above—the mousing fowl!

"Oh, give—a husband give!" she cried,
"While yet I may become a bride;
Soon will my days of grace be o'er,
And then like many maids before,
I'll die without an early love,
And none to meet me there above!

"Oh! 'tis a fate too hard to bear;
Then answer this, my humble prayer,
And, oh! a husband give to me!"
Just then the owl up in the tree,
In deep bass tones cried, "Whoo—whoo—whoo!"
"Who, Lord? And dost Thou ask me who?
Why—any one, good Lord, will do!"

Humorous.

High-toned men—The tenor singers.

Bologna is the link that unites man with the brute.

The shad is a fish that wears a fine-tooth comb for a backbone.

How to keep yourself dry—Eat freely of red herrings, and don't drink.

Always ready to take a hand in conversation—Deaf and dumb people.

An Indian is classed as friendly when he'd rather have you get him drunk than take your scalp.

"Take that right away," said the young man to the waiter, as he pointed to a saucer of whipped cream which had been brought for his strawberries; "I didn't come here to get shaved."

DR. KERLEY on RUPTURE

WHAT HE HAS TO SAY OF DR. J. A. SHERMAN'S TREATMENT, AFTER TESTING IT IN HIS WIFE'S CASE.

The following is from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*:

To the Editor of the *Globe-Democrat*:

I am, and have been, a practising physician in this city for the past ten years. My office is at 9th and Montgomery, and residence at Ferguson, St. Louis county, Mo. Recently I have had occasion to look carefully into Dr. J. A. Sherman's system of treating rupture, and feel as though I would be rendering a service to the afflicted by directing their attention to it. I am well aware that anyone having a rupture, either by neglect or injurious truss pressure, may at any moment be arrested with the horrors of strangulation.

* * * Family interest has compelled me to look into this Sherman system, and duty now prompts me to speak of it frankly. My wife has been the victim of rupture for the past seven years, and has suffered very much from it, notwithstanding I have from the first tried everything in the truss line. I have not only exhausted my own skill in her behalf, but I have have had the assistance of some of the ablest physicians in this city, all to no purpose. I was always apprehensive from my wife's critical condition, and she frequently alarmed me with symptoms of strangulation.

Suffice it to say that, having a conversation with Dr. Sherman, and an explanation of his modus operandi, I was convinced of the correctness of his method, and resolved to have him treat my wife's case. My resolution has been satisfactorily sustained by the result. Since my wife received his treatment the rupture has not made its appearance, and, though she could never wear a truss without suffering, she wears the Doctor's appliance with entire satisfaction, and finds no inconvenience from the accompanying treatment.

Dr. Sherman's theory is founded on scientific principles. He aims to assist nature to regain her normal condition, by acting upon the serous surfaces, exciting coagulable lymph, producing adhesions, and thus completely obliterating the hernial openings.

His manner of accomplishing this object is of little or no inconvenience to the patient. I speak of it from no other cause than the public good, feeling assured that whosoever applies to him will receive the relief hoped for.

R. M. KERLEY, M. D.
St. Louis, Mo.

DR. KERLEY WRITES TO A BOSTON INQUIRER.

W. H. Prescott, Esq., Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir: For the last year I have been living at Ferguson, Mo. Yours of the 7th instant to hand this A. M., inquiring about Dr. J. A. Sherman's treatment. If you have a hernia, or rupture sometimes called, go, by all means, and consult Dr. Sherman. He has the most perfect cure for it I have ever met with. He made a perfect cure upon my wife. If you see Dr. Sherman, present my regards; tell him to write to me. Yours respectfully,

R. M. KERLEY, M. D.
Ferguson, Mo., Feb. 11.

A Catholic Priest Writes the Following Concerning His Cure.

Indisputable Endorsement of Dr. Sherman's Humane and Successful Treatment.

St. Bonaventure's Seminary and College,
Allegheny, N. Y., Jan. 25, 1880.

Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, 251 Broadway, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I called at your office, 251 Broadway, N. Y., some time since to inform you that I am entirely cured of my large rupture, and to thank you for your successful treatment of my case. As I did not then have the pleasure of seeing you I now take this occasion to thank you. I was truly a sufferer before I had the good fortune of consulting you, but from the time I commenced your treatment I felt secure and comfortable before my perfect restoration, which now, thank God, is accomplished. Accept my grateful thanks, and be assured that I will always deem it a pleasure and a duty to suffering humanity to recommend the ruptured to call on you and be restored, as I have been. I am, dear sir, yours truly,

Brother NICOL LUDWIG, O. S. F.

When Mr. Ludwig called on Dr. Sherman his rupture was quite large, fully the size of a quart bowl. He had suffered much from it and the various trusses he had used. He has been cured for several months, had discontinued the treatment when he called at Dr. Sherman's office last spring, and his letter shows how grateful he feels in the enjoyment of a sound body. Such an emphatic endorsement from a Catholic priest, who rarely endorse anything, and never unless it is highly meritorious, must be encouraging to those who have little faith.

The cure of rupture is effected by Sherman's method of operation, simply by external local applications, both mechanical and medicinal, made daily by the patient, who can perform any kind of labor during the treatment, with safety from the danger of inflamed rupture, and without interfering with the cure.

Books and photographic likenesses of bad cases, before and cure, mailed for 10 cents.

Personal attendance necessary. Patients residing out of the city can receive treatment, and return home the same day.

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(From the Toledo *Blade*.)

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They have been tested time and time again, and always with satisfactory results. This preparation just meets the necessities of the case. Let me state just what my Pills are made to cure, and what they have cured and WILL CURE: Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sick Headache Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Sleeplessness, Paralysis and Dyspepsia. These diseases are all Nervous diseases. Nervousness embraces nervous weakness, irritation, despondency, melancholy, and a restless, dissatisfied, miserable state of mind and body, indescribable.

There are some of the symptoms of nervousness: now, to be fully restored to health and happiness is a priceless boon, and yet for 50 cents you can satisfy yourself that there is a cure for you, and for $1. at the very furthest that cure can be fully secured. These Pills are all they are represented to be, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction if used as directed, and WILL CURE any case.

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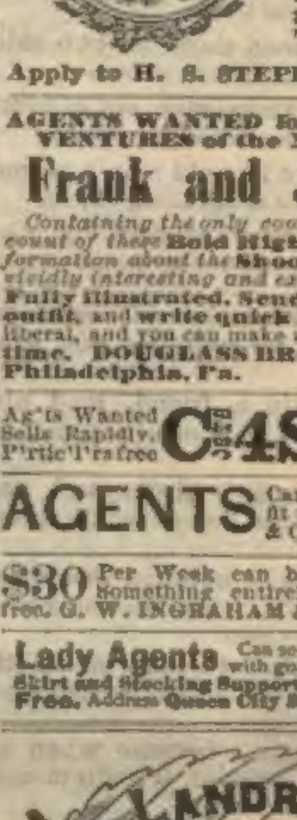

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Facetiæ.

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Elegant, Heavy Silver Plated Butter Knife. This handsome butter knife is heavily plated with pure coin silver on steel, and warranted to wear. It contains no brass or other objectionable material.

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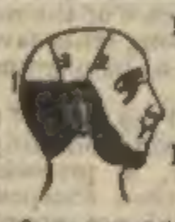

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

FOR morning promenades, the new woollen fabrics are extensively worn some plain, but the greater part chequered in many subdued tints, old-blues, moss-green, bronze, fawn, terra-cotta reds, wood-color, brick, French blue, grape-color, and old-gold.

When the material is plain or with almost imperceptible chequers, the dress is often trimmed with some silken material, or silk and wool, striped, tigre, or chequered, but if the chequers are plainly visible, plain silk, moire, satin, or faille, are used, especially faille which in some old shade makes beautiful bias bands, pleats, revers, panels, etc.

The general style of these chequered dresses is that with the long, straight redingote so well adapted for striped materials, and the habit-tunic, which looks so stylish in Pekin moire over a plain skirt.

Tunics of various kinds are seen, however, all open over the skirt, the tunic, gauged to the corsage with a wide heading, being obstinately returned to, in spite of its being unbecoming to most figures, though it is a suitable and becoming mode for young girls of fourteen or fifteen.

Many tunics are made which are totally different on the right and left sides, some being very graceful, and others are replaced by panier-draperies gauged to the corsage and leaving visible the greater part of the panelled skirt, the draperies being frequently of satin matching the prevailing color of the woolen material.

The back drapery consists of a cascade of chequered loops lined with satin merveilleux, and mixed with loops of the material forming the panels on the skirt, the whole drapery being terminated by a square scarf-end of satin.

This is a very elegant model for any material, and is a capital method for enlivening and renewing a half-worn dress.

The paniers gauged to the corsage are most elegant and becoming when the basques of the corsage are not too short, and when headed with ten or eleven rows of fine gauging, as then they do not too much increase the size of the figure and are more graceful.

When the paniers are drawn back and fastened beneath the basques of a dress with a Princess back, it is a suitable mode for the richest toilettes.

A skirt of green plush velvet is crenelated over an underskirt of green cloth, edged with four pleatings—two of satin, and two of woolen material.

The waistcoat is of woolen material, exactly imitating a gentleman's waistcoat, with a linen collar and cravat, or else of pale-blue plush for important occasions.

Redingotes, with long added skirts cut away in front and pleated behind, are very useful and handsome vetements for the spring, when heavy pardessus are of necessity put aside; and they look specially stylish made of broche, with plush collar and parements, and shawl revers over a satin plastron.

A walking dress of navy-blue vigogne has a broche redingote of the same color, the pockets, parements, and shawl-collar being of plush.

The skirt is edged with two pleatings, and the tunic is drawn by gauging into graceful festoons edged with chenille fringe, two scarfs edged with chenille being draped across each other over the tablier.

For young girls under twenty, the tailor-made jacket is the best vetement, made of plain or fancy cloth, with added basques, trimmed with plush or braid.

The tournure being a necessity with the present style of dress, several different kinds have appeared and are still appearing. Perhaps none are more suitable and really useful than those petticoat-tournures which consist of three pieces, which can be changed at will; the upper part of the tournure, the edge of the skirt, and the remainder of the petticoat, which is made of red cashmere for travelling, of satin merveilleux trimmed with black lace for walking and day costumes, and in white nainsook or batiste for evening wear, trimmed with cream lace. It is only the lower part of the skirt which is made in these materials, reaching however nearly to the hips, and changeable at will. Some of the nainsook skirts are covered with narrow flounces, but the general method is to trim these petticoats with a large lace ruche, black or cream, according to the material.

Cream lace is still preferred to white, and indeed cream, and the colors closely allied like ficelle, ecru, biscuit, etc., will be the fashionable shades this summer, even for straw chapeaux, or hats of any material. Manilla straw, with its golden tint, and the canvas straw of Sumatra, Belgian, and English straws, all will be trimmed with draperies and coquilles of ficelle guipure for morning wear, and with clouds of ficelle blonde or Mechlin for more elegant toilette, finished off with half-wreaths of flowers placed a l'Estelle on the immense shapes which are to be worn, very ugly in the hand, but becoming and charming on the head.

A very pretty capote is entirely covered with a kind of passementerie of amber beads; the chapeau is lined with flame-color satin, and the strings are of the same satin.

A large plume of flame-color feathers with the aigrette, adorns the left side, and the chapeau itself may be carried out less expensively by covering a frame with straw net.

A capote of bottle-green satin, for wearing with a costume of the same material, is bordered with a braid of old-gold and green beads, and encircled with green feathers, amongst which is a gold-color aigrette.

A Directoire capote of seal-brown, has the brim covered with sapphire-blue velvet, and ornamented with feathers of both colors.

One more hat must be mentioned which is of dark-green, a very useful color; pleated bands of plush draping the crown; green feathers to match curl over the brim in front, and the strings are of green moire. This would be found a very becoming, serviceable model, and stylish also.

A pretty walking costume is of dark-green cashmere and pekin morie and satin; the skirt is edged with a wide pleating, above which is a band of the pekin; the tunic is also bordered with a band of pekin, and is draped high on one side with an aumoniere of pekin.

The corsage is cut like a hunting coat, and opens over a waistcoat of pekin, fastened with pretty buttons. A dress for a young lady is of blue Indian cashmere, and blue and white chequered faille.

The skirt is bordered with a series of narrow gathered and pleated flounces, and above these is a deep bouillonne turned under at the edge; this again is headed by a small pleated tablier of the chequered silk; long paniers of cashmere fall over the bouillonne, and are drawn back to form the drapery.

The corsage is of cashmere with a silk chemisette and three narrow pleatings round the neck.

The long basque forms a pocket ending the side-seam; the sleeves is finished off in the same way as the neck, with narrow pleatings of the silk.

Beautiful woolen materials, in a variety of chequers and stripes, are worn by ladies of all ages, one of the most elegant styles being with a plain skirt of the chequered material, and a habit-tunic of pekin with satin stripes on a chequered background, for this graceful mode for moires and silks is established for woolens also, but less generally.

False hair is still worn, though with such consummate skill its presence is rarely suspected.

Some of the hair-makers have introduced the Odette coiffure, it is one of the lightest yet made, and especially intended to conceal any tendency to baldness on the crown of the head, a very general defect where much hair pinning and weight of hair have been restored to.

It removes the pressure and gives the natural hair a chance to grow again, whereas in many cases of scalpettes, and the like, the young hair is destroyed. On examination it is seen that this headdress is made up on the minimum foundation of real hair, forming a network, and scarcely the weight of a feather.

The dictates of fashion provide that small curls should rest flatly on the head, and in Paris flat waves are the rage, for the very reason that they do not increase the size of the head.

Women wishing to preserve a youthful appearance, would do well to bring the hair well down to the ears, and to cover the sides of the temples.

Fireside Chat.

BEAUTY—HOW TO PRESERVE IT.

[*Continued from Last Week*]

IN another number I will give directions for the morning ablutions. I have reserved the night toilet, which is of quite as much consequence, if not of more, than the day toilet; for by adhering to this the skin is kept clear, pure, and white, and the toilet is reduced to the most primitive simplicity.

Do not think either that I shall exclude cosmetics from my letters. No; for I know too well that there are many and many ladies to whom cosmetics have become a necessity. I would I could induce you to do without them; but since I fear that is impossible, I will advise you how to make your own washes, creams, etc. For instance, without entering fully on the subject, I will tell you how to make a wash which, if well put on, will defy the most jealous eye; and this because a "Subscriber" asks for the recipe of a wash that will keep on the face. I will tell her of one that a lady a celebrated beauty, has used for the past twenty years, and though now past fifty she does not look past thirty, and her complexion looks as natural as that of a young woman.

She takes one ounce of oxide of bismuth; do not be afraid of the word bismuth, for if you buy the best quality it is the best thing that can be used for a whitewash. On this ounce of bismuth you put a pinch-full of yellow ochre to correct the blue appearance of the bismuth (that blue appearance that is so ugly to see, and that at once denounces the "make up"). Pour over this half a pint of rosewater, in which you pour one or two drops of benzoin tincture. This gives a pleasant vanilla scent to the wash, and makes it more creamy-looking and also more adhesive. The longer this remains mixed the better. It is well, therefore, always to have a bottle in reserve. Shake the reserve bottle occasionally. When you use it, pour out a teaspoonful, or less, in a saucer; then take a clean sponge (that has been soaked in water and half-dried some time previously), and cover the face and neck lightly with the wash.

When dry, you will see if the coating is even, if not you pass the same sponge (but without re-dipping it in the white) over the face, and this you repeat till the surface is smooth. Finally, take a hand-glass, go into a strong light, and with another clean sponge, almost dry, you pass over all the rough surface of the face and neck with it; this done, you will have a skin as smooth and creamy as wax. The secret lies in making the wash creamy-looking with the yellow ochre. The more yellow this is for night, the lovelier and more natural it will look.

As a cosmetic, there is nothing superior to this either in ancient or modern times, as also, as an anti-cosmetic, there is nothing superior to the *poppæanum* night cream.

The complexion may also be greatly improved by different foods and drinks. Wines, spirits, and beers are more or less injurious to the purity of the complexion, as they inflame the blood, generally speaking. Fat, in every way, is bad; also dark meats. Fish, fowl, and white meat are the best. Vegetables, bread, and milk are good; also weak tea with milk.

When the complexion is very bad, it may be improved by taking the smallest dose of Fowler's arsenic daily. This, it is said, was the real secret of Ninon de l'Enclos' perpetual youth. It has one fault, however; it fattens.

The yolk of an egg, taken every morning, is better. It does not fatten, and makes the complexion soft-looking and smooth. Arsenic, on the other hand, gives strength and vivacity; it is therefore preferable for old persons who wish to be young again. But if you will take my conscientious advice about so risky a means of improving your personal appearance, I will sum it up in the single word immortalised by Mr. Punch when giving counsel to persons about to marry, and say, most emphatically, "Don't."

My correspondent who asks for a recipe for "bronze hair," I will answer in another article. Let her begin, however, by washing her hair, once a week at the least, with one ounce of sub-carbonate of potash in two quarts of hot water, and dry at the fire.

PROPITIATING "BROTHER GABRIEL."—A rich native recently died in Bombay whose course of life had been such that it was evidently necessary to take special pains to secure his eternal welfare. According to the custom, the widow repaired to the priest to obtain a letter of introduction to his "brother Gabriel" on behalf of her departed husband. The priest, seeing an excellent chance to practice a sort of celestial black-mail, informed her that owing to the acknowledged wickedness of her late husband it would be a difficult and expensive job to propitiate Gabriel, but that he would undertake it for 500 rupees. The money was paid and the widow went home with the letter of introduction, which enjoined Gabriel to take good care of the newcomer, and to grant him among other favors a separate bungalow and a pomegranate tree.

The letter was tied around the neck of the corpse, which was thereupon confidingly buried. A son, however, a precocious youth, whose intellect had been sharpened by an English education, did not approve of the loss of 500 rupees, and surreptitiously removed the letter of introduction. He then endorsed upon it, in a clever imitation of the hand writing of his father, a statement that the latter, having duly presented his credentials to the Archangel Gabriel, had received, instead of the separate bungalow and the pomegranate tree, nothing but abuse. Armed with this letter the lad visited the priest and informed him that he should invoke the aid of the police for breach of contract unless the 500 rupees were restored forthwith. He promptly received the money.

THERE is certainly something loose somewhere. You can pick up any paper and read advertisements of people who are wanted to work, but you never see an advertisement of anybody wanting to hire people not to work. When I was a boy I used to think that the most delightful and ambitious business I would like to engage in would be that of sitting on eggs. It seemed to be a business in which I could bring to bear all the excessive animation of my stirring life. But I never got a contract.

Correspondence.

ARDENT, (Bennington, Vt.)—It would be highly improper in you to write to a lady when you have not been introduced, no matter how ardently you love her. Get a mutual friend or acquaintance to introduce you.

JAKE, (Norristown, Pa.)—We have no time. Many of our common sayings, so trite and pithy, are used without the least idea from whose mouth or pen they first originated. Probably the works of Shakspeare furnish us with more of these familiar maxims than any other writer.

MAME, (Douglass, Minn.)—The feelings of pure and right-minded woman will generally be a safe guide in a matter of this kind. If you do not return his affection, it will be proper to decline a gift the acceptance of which would mislead him, and to do it in such a way as to let him understand that you have esteem, but no warmer feeling for him. Perhaps you should have done this already.

C. S., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—We think that the third of the three phrases is the least objectionable. The idea in the speaker's mind is simply, "I wished," or "I was inclined," to go, etc., and society seems to have settled into the belief that it is best expressed by, "I would have liked." The idea is suggested by the phrase that some favorable but necessary perquisite was wanting.

SAM D., (Erie, N. Y.)—There are fifty ways of making the young lady understand that you are among the claimants; attentions, and modest, fitting presents are not shut out. She will then weigh your claims among the rest. When you are satisfied she is the right person, tell her so, and let her parents know your position. No one can tell you how much to hasten, or how long to wait. You must judge.

H. H., (Decatur, Iowa.)—1. Next to the Bible, the books which have had the largest sale are "Robinson Crusoe" and "Pilgrim's Progress." (2.) Among the odes to music we may mention "Alexander's Feast," Pope's "Ode for Music on St. Cecilia's Day," and "The Passions," by William Collins. 2. By the Cumberland poet we presume you mean William Wordsworth, who was born in Cumberland, England. He is also called the "High Priest of Nature."

SWEETBRIAR, (White, Ill.)—To improve the complexion, etc., we have given the following recipe on one or two occasions. Make a gallon of strong soapsuds, and mix it with half a pint of pure spirits and a little rosemary, and apply it to the face with a sponge or linen rag. 2. For the hands—mix together one ounce of Venice soap, one ounce of lemon juice, and half an ounce each of oil of almonds tartar; stir it till it has attained the consistency of soap, and wash it in the ordinary manner. 3. To remove dandruff—Dissolve a thimbleful of refined borax in a cup of water and then, after well brushing the hair with a dry brush, dip it into the mixture and apply it. A daily application will speedily remove the accumulation.

READER, (Indiana, Pa.)—The Massacre of the Sicilian Vespers, the six hundredth anniversary of which has been recently celebrated in Palermo, was directed against the French under Charles of Anjou, who in 1242 occupied Sicily, who, in 1282, occupied Sicily, and grievously oppressed the inhabitants. A wanton insult offered to a Sicilian bride during the festivities of Easter Monday roused the populace to fury, and a tumult ensuing, two hundred Frenchmen were killed on the spot. Then the cry rang through the city, "Let the French die!" and, without distinction of rank, age, or sex, all of that nation that could be found were slaughtered, to the number of eight thousand. Even the churches proved no sanctuary, and the massacre was general throughout Sicily.

STELLA, (Ottawa, Mich.)—India is a portion of the British empire, and is called the Indian empire. Queen Victoria, in addition to the title of Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, having Jan. 1, 1877, assumed that of Empress of India. The executive authority is vested in a governor-general, or viceroy, appointed by the Crown, and acting under the orders of the Secretary of State for India. The power of the governor-general is supreme, but he is assisted by a council of six members, beside the commander-in-chief. This body forms what is called the Supreme Government of India, which passes in review the entire administration, the business of which is constructed in five separate departments. The governor-general makes all the appointments, those of the lieutenant-governors of the provinces being subject to the approval of the Secretary of State for India.

MARGARET, (Ventura, Cal.)—It is nothing of the kind. A small foot or hand has no artistic value unless it is proportioned to the rest of the body. The beauty of a woman consists in the perfect equilibrium of her proportions. Her hands and feet must harmonize regularly and mathematically with her other limbs. A big woman must have big hands and big feet. The beauty of each member lies not in its special form. A young and pretty woman ought at all times to take care of her feet even more scrupulously than her hands. A once celebrated beauty used to say, "It is more shameful and more disgraceful for a pretty woman to have a corn or bunion on her foot than to deceive her dearest friend without cause." A woman's boot or shoe ought to be soft, yielding, and easy. It ought to fit the foot like a glove. A woman who desires to be well-shod must, in the first place, have a well-made foot; and in the second place she must not listen to the ridiculous observations of her boot-maker, but rely on her own common sense.

JAMES, (Oregon, O.)—To shake hands properly is a very difficult matter. It is not long since we read in some society paper that there were only three persons living who could shake hands successfully. The first thing about hand shaking, which must be learned, is how to get the entire amount of exhilaration out of it. Some grasp the hand of an adversary in a quick, nervous manner that scares the victim nearly to death, while others slide the cold and clammy paw at you so that you feel the same as when you drop a cold and raw oyster with vinegar on it down your back. If you are shaking hands with a lady, incline the hand forward with a soft and graceful, yet half-timid movement, like a boy climbing a barbed wire fence with a heavy turnip. Look gently into her eyes with a kind of pleading smile, beam on her features a bright and winsome beam, say something that you have heard some one else say on a similar occasions, and in the meantime shake her hand in a vigorous way, not as though you were trying to make a mash by pulverizing her fingers, nor yet in too conservative a manner, allowing her hand to fall with a sickening thud when you let go. Care should be taken also not to hang on to the hand more than half an hour in public, as people might make remarks.